

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

## CHAPTER IX.

"THEY'RE talking over old days," Mrs. Lenny had said three or four times before the gentlemen appeared. What could be more natural? No doubt they had gone from recollection to recollection: "Do you remember" this and that, and "what happened to" so-and-so? It was very easy to imagine what they were talking about, and how they got led on from one subject to another. They were heard talking, when they at last appeared, all the way up the long drawing-room, pausing at the door.

"All died out, I believe," Colonel Lenny was saying. "The last son lost his children one after another, and died himself at the last broken-hearted, poor man! The daughters were all scattered—but Katey knows more about them than I do."

"I am really afraid to ask any more questions," Sir William said. "What more natural?"

"Yes, my dear lady," Colonel Lenny resumed, taking his old place beside Lady Markham; "we have been making the most of our time; for it is very likely we may have letters to-morrow, my wife and I, summoning us away. I don't like it, and neither will she, and perhaps we may have another day, but I scarcely think it likely. I don't know how we're to drag ourselves away. You have been kinder than any one ever was; and the children have got a hold of my old heart, bless them!"

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The colonel had genuine tears in his eyes.

"Lenny will tell you what I propose," said Sir William on the other side. "It is not an easy position. I have always thought myself quite safe—quite free of responsibility; and now to be pulled up all at once; and when I think of my own boys——"

"Your own boys!" said Mrs. Lenny, raising herself very erect in her chair. "Oh, I feel for you—I feel for you, Will! but if you put the least bit of a slur on my sister or her child——"

"Don't make it worse," he said, throwing up his hands. "I throw a slur! You know I never thought of anything so impossible—it is impossible; but how could I think of him as mine! Adoption has its rights—but Lenny will tell you what I propose."

A short time after there were affectionate good-nights between the ladies. Lady Markham accompanied Mrs. Lenny to her room to see that she had everything she could desire.

"I am so sorry you must go to-morrow," she said, half out of politeness, but with a little mixture of truth, for there was something in the genial warmth of the strange couple which touched her heart.

"My dear, it's just possible we may have another day," said the old campaigner.

The mother and daughter had a harmless little laugh together over

Mrs. Lenny's "evening body," but they agreed that "papa's old friends" were real friends, and adopted them with cordiality though amusement.

"She asked me a great deal about the family and about Paul," Alice said as they separated.

"No letter again to-day," said Lady Markham, with a sigh.

That name subdued their smiles. To think he should be the best-beloved, yet so careless of their happiness!

"He is so forgetful," they both said.

And with this so common family sigh, not any present or pressing trouble, only a fear, an anticipation, a doubt what to-morrow might bring forth, the doors of the peaceful chambers closed, and night and quiet settled down on the silent house.

No one knew, however, that the night was not so silent as it appeared. Sir William, of course, was left in his library when all the rest of the world went to bed. It was his habit. He wrote his letters, or he "got up" those questions which were always arising, and which every statesman has to know; or perhaps he only dozed in his great chair; but anyhow, it was his habit to sit up later than all the rest of the household, putting out his lamp himself when he went to bed. This night, however, after midnight when all was still, there was a mysterious conference held in the library. Mrs. Lenny came down the great staircase in her stockings not to make a noise. "I wouldn't disturb that pretty creature, not for the world," she said. "I wouldn't let her know there was a mystery, not for anything you could give me." And she spoke in a whisper during the course of the prolonged discussion, though Lady Markham was on the upper floor on the other side of the house, and safe in bed. It was Colonel Lenny who was the most stubborn of the conspirators. He spoke of right and justice with such eloquence that his wife was proud of him, even though it was she eventually who put

him down, and stopped his argument. It was almost morning—a faint blueness of the new day striking in through all the windows and betraying them, when the Lennys with their shoes in their hands stole up stairs to bed. It would have been strange indeed if some conscientious domestic had not seen this very strange proceeding in the middle of the night; but if they did so, they kept the fact to themselves. Sir William took no such precautions. He shut the heavy door of the library almost ostentatiously, awaking all the silent echoes, and went up the great staircase with his candle in his hand. The rising dawn, however, cast a strange, almost ghastly look upon his face, doing away with the candle. He had told his wife that he had brought some papers from town that had to be attended to, and which had to be sent back to London by next morning's post.

Next morning the Lennys appeared at the breakfast-table in travelling-garb, ready to go away. Mrs. Lenny had put on her pink bonnet not to lose time.

"Have you had your letters?" Lady Markham said, astonished.

"No, my dear, we have had no letters; that was to be the sign if we were wanted," Mrs. Lenny explained. Sir William did not say a word. He did not join in the regret expressed by all the rest, or in the invitations proffered. "You must come back—promise us that you will come back," the children cried; but their father maintained a steady silence which discouraged his wife.

The whole family accompanied the travellers to the door to see them drive away.

"I hope we shall see you again," Lady Markham said; then added, oppressed by her husband's silence, "when you come this way."

"My dear lady," said the colonel, kissing her hand like a Frenchman, "I shall never forget your kindness, nor my wife either; but most likely we shall never pass this way again.

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There is nothing in the world I should like better; but I don't know if it is to be desired."

"God bless you!" said Mrs. Lenny, taking both Lady Markham's hands, "it's not at all to be desired. Once for old friendship's sake is very well. But if I ever come here again it will not be as an old friend, but for love of you."

"That is the best reason of all," Lady Markham said, with her beautiful smile. And she stood there waving her pretty hand to the strange couple as they drove down the avenue. Mrs. Lenny's pink bonnet made a dotted line of colour all the way as she bobbed it out of the carriage window in perpetual farewells. This made the young ones laugh, though they had been near crying. Sir William alone said nothing. He had gone in again at once when the carriage left the door.

It was that very evening, however, that the letters arrived which cast the family into so great a commotion and obliterated all recollection of the Lennys. It had pleased Lady Markham that her husband, of himself, had begun to speak of Paul the next time they met after the departure of their guests. There was a certain tenderness in his tone, a something which was quite unusual. "Have you heard from him lately?" he asked with some anxiety, "poor boy!" This was so unusual that Lady Markham would not spoil so excellent a disposition by any complaint of Paul's irregularity in correspondence. She replied that she had heard—not very long ago; that he was still in Oxford; that she hoped he would return for Alice's birthday, which was approaching. Sir William did not say any more then, but he spoke of Paul again at luncheon, saying—"Poor fellow!" this time. "He has very good abilities if he would only make the right use of them," he said.

"Oh, William!" cried Lady Markham, "he is still so young; why should not he make very good use

of them yet? We were not so very wise at his age."

"That is true. I was not at all wise at his age: poor Paul!" his father said.

The ladies were quite cheered by this exhibition of interest in Paul, who had not been, they felt, so good or submissive to his father as it was right for a young man to be. "He is letting his heart speak at last," Lady Markham said when she was alone with her daughter; "he is longing to see his boy; and oh, Alice! so am I."

"May I write to him," cried Alice eagerly, "and tell him he is to come home?"

They talked this over all the afternoon. Paul had not listened to any of their previous entreaties, but perhaps now, if he were told how his father had melted, if he knew how everybody was longing for him! There were two letters written that afternoon, full of tenderness, full of entreaties. "If your reading is so important I will not say a word, you shall go back, you shall be left quite free; but oh, my dearest boy! surely you can spare us a week or two," Lady Markham wrote. Their spirits rose after these letters had been despatched. It did not seem possible that Paul could turn a deaf ear to such entreaties; and by this time surely he, too, must be longing for home. The future had not seemed so bright to them since first these discords began. Now, surely, if Paul would but respond as became an affectionate son, everything would be right.

Markham Chase was situated in one of those districts where the post comes in at night—a very bad thing, as is well known, for the digestion, and a great enemy to sleep and comfort. No one, however, had the philosophy to do without his or her letters on that account. The ladies naturally never took it in consideration at all, and Sir William's official correspondence did not affect his nerves. Lady Mark-

ham and her daughter came early into the drawing-room that evening, while it was still daylight, though evening was advancing rapidly. The children, who felt severely the loss of Colonel Lenny and his stories, and were low-spirited and out of temper in consequence, went soon to bed. Lady Markham retired into her favourite room—the large recess which made a sort of transept to the great drawing-room. It was filled at the further end by a large Elizabethan window, the upper part of which was composed of quarries of old painted glass in soft tints of greenish white and yellow; and which caught the very last rays of daylight—the lingering glories of the west. Soft mossy velvet curtains framed in, but did not shade the window, for Lady Markham was fond of light—and shrouded the entrance dividing this from the great drawing-room beyond. The fireplace all glimmering with tiles below and bits of mirror above, with shelves of delicate china and pet ornaments, filled the great part of one side, while the other was clothed with book-cases below and pictures above, closely set. One of Raphael's early Madonnas (or a copy—there was no certainty on the subject, Lady Markham holding to its authenticity with more fervour than any other article of faith, but disinterested critics holding the latter opinion) presided over the whole; and there were some pretty landscapes, and a great many portraits—the true household gods of its mistress. There she had seated herself in the soft waning light of the evening. Alice just outside the velvet curtains was playing softly, now an old stately minuet, now an old-fashioned, quaint gavotte, now a snatch of a languid, dreamy valse—music which did not mean much, but which breathed echoes of soft pleasures past into the quiet. The soft summer twilight fading slowly out of the great window, the cool breathing of the dews and night air from the garden, the dreamy music—all lulled the mind to rest. Lady Markham made not even a pretence at

occupation. What was she thinking of! When a woman has her boys out in the world—those strange, unknown, yet so familiar creatures whom she knows by heart yet knows nothing of, who have dipped into a thousand things incomprehensible to her, filling her with vague fears and aches of anxiety—of what but of them is she likely to be thinking? She was groping vaguely after her Paul in strange places which her imagination scarcely took in. When the other boys were away they too had their share in her thoughts; but they were still in the age of innocence at school, not young men abroad in the world. Where was he now? She tried to figure to herself a scene of youthful gaiety—one of the college parties she had read of in novels. She was the more bold to think of this, as she felt that her appeal to Paul just despatched would surely detach him, for a time at least, from all such noisy scenes. Lady Markham's imagination was not her strong point. She was floating vaguely in a maze of fancies rather than forming for herself any definite picture, when Brown came into the room with the letters. The music stopped instantly, and Alice, rushing at them, uttered a tremulous cry which made the mother at once aware what had happened. Only Paul could have called forth that cry of trembling satisfaction, delight, and alarm. Lady Markham got up at once and held out her hands for the letters, while Alice ran to light the candles. "I can see, I can see," Lady Markham said. The mere fact that the letter was Paul's made it more or less luminous in itself and helped the fading light.

Sir William, seated in his library by himself, had been thinking, with a difference, much the same thoughts. With a compunction and compassion indescribable, he had been thinking of his son. Paul, with all his foolish democratical notions, was yet the most aristocratic, the most imperious of young men, knowing nothing of the evils he was so ready to take upon

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him, generous in giving, but to whom it would be bitterness itself to receive. Would Paul ever turn upon him, upbraid him, curse him? A shiver came over his father at the thought—and along with this a horrible sense of the position in which this haughty young heir would find himself, if—— How was it that such a possibility had altogether escaped his mind? He could not tell: he did not know how to answer himself. Forty years is a large slice out of a man's life. Even had it been some one fully known and loved, it would be unlikely that you should think of him with any persistency of reference after a separation of forty years—and a child, an infant, a thing with no personality at all! But still, he asked himself, had he never thought when Paul was born of the former time, far away in the morning haze of youth, when a young mother and a child had called forth his interest? Yes, he had thought of it; he had thought with alarm of what had happened then; he had been more anxious about his young wife than young husbands usually are—but no more. It had never occurred to him that his child had anything to do with the other. Strange blindness in a man so accurate! He said to himself, "It will come to nothing; it will be arranged; all will be well:" but in the same breath he said, "Poor Paul! God help him! What would happen to Paul, if——"

He had not been able to do anything all day for thinking of this; he had kept his blue-book before him, but he had made nothing of it. Sir William, whose understood creed it was that public affairs went before everything, could pay no attention to these public affairs. When the letters came in, in the evening, he received them languidly, not feeling that there was anything there which could interest him so much as his own thoughts. When he saw Paul's handwriting an unusual stir arose in his elderly bosom. But he put it down, and took up a

letter from his chief, which would be no doubt of far more importance to the country, with a last attempt to conquer himself. But the words of his chief's letter had no sense to him; he could not understand what there was to be so anxious about. Smith's candidature for Bannockshire—what did it matter? He made a rapid and novel reflection to himself about the trifling character of the incidents which people made so much of; then laid down the solemn sheet with its coronet, and took up the letter of his boy.

A few minutes after he walked into his wife's sitting-room, the letter open in his hand. Lady Markham was seated close to the great window against the dying light, with a candle flaring melancholy on a table beside her, reading her letter. Alice, behind her, read it too, over her mother's shoulder: surprise and trouble were on their faces. Alice had begun to cry. Lady Markham in her wonder and distress, was repeating a few words here and there aloud. "I can no longer hope for anything in this country of prejudice." "Going away to a new world." They were both so absorbed that they did not hear Sir William's entrance till he suddenly appeared, holding out his letter. "What is the meaning," he asked, "of this, Isabel? What is the meaning of it?" The indignation of the head of the house, which seemed to be directed against themselves, brought the two ladies with a sudden shock out of their own private dismay, and gave them a new part to play. Their hearts still quivering with the sudden blow which Paul's disclosure had given them, they still turned in a moment into apologists and defenders of Paul.

"What is it?—from Paul, William? he has written to you *too*," said Lady Markham, with trembling lips.

"What does it mean?" cried Sir William. "He is going off, he says—away—to Australia or New Zealand, or somewhere. What does it mean?"

No doubt he takes you into his confidence. If you have known of this intention long you ought to have let me know."

"I am as much overwhelmed as you can be, William. I have just got a letter." Lady Markham stopped, her lips trembling. "Oh, Paul, my boy! He cannot mean it," she said. "It must be some fancy of the moment. At his age everything is exaggerated. William, William, something must be done. We must go to him and save him."

"Save him! from what are we to save him?" Sir William began to pace up and down with impatience and perplexity. He was not so angry (they thought) as they had feared. He was anxious, unhappy, as they were, though querulous too. "What is the meaning of it? Follies like this do not spring up all at once. You must have seen it coming on. You must know what it means. What has he been writing to you about lately? Is there—any woman—?"

"William!" cried his wife.

"Well!—Alice, run away; we can discuss this better without you.—Well! it need not be anything criminal or vicious, though of course that is what at once you imagine it to be. Has he spoken of any one? Has he ever—No, he would not do that. He is a fool," cried the anxious father; "he is capable of any nonsense. But it need not necessarily be anything that is vicious—from your point of view."

Alice had not gone away. She shrank behind her mother into the dim corner, yet to her own consciousness stood confronting her brother's accuser with a resolute countenance, from which the colour had all gone out. Her blue eyes were open wide with horror yet denial. Whatever Paul might have done she was ready to defend him; although the possibility of any such wrongdoing went through her like a sword of fire. The light of the candle flickered upon her faintly, showing scarcely anything but her attitude, partially relieved against the

lightness of the window—a slim, straight, indignant figure drawn up and set in defence.

"He has not written often lately," said Lady Markham, faltering; "but oh, William, it is not possible; he is not capable——"

"What do you know about it?" cried Sir William, almost roughly. "How can you tell what he is capable of? A young man will go from a house like this, from his mother's side, and will find pleasure—actual pleasure—in the society of creatures bred upon the streets; in their noisy talk, in their bad manners, in all that is most unlike you. God knows how it is; but so it is. Paul may be no better than the rest. Alice, I tell you, run away."

Lady Markham grew red and then deadly pale. She rose trembling to her feet. "Can we go to-night? Can we go at once?" she cried. "Oh, William, let us not lose an hour!"

"You know as well as I do there is no train after eight o'clock. Compose yourself," said Sir William. "Nothing more than what has already happened can happen to him to-night."

"We might get the express at Bluntwood—the train papa generally goes by—if we were to start at once," cried Alice, with her hand on the bell, her eyes turning from her father to her mother. The eager women on each side of him made the greatest contrast to the head of the house. Had Paul been dying instead of simply in a problematical danger, Sir William Markham would not have consented to leave his home in this headlong way, or take any step upon which he had not reflected. He waved his hand impatiently.

"You had much better go to bed," he said, "and don't worry yourselves about a matter in which for the present none of us can do anything. I will go to-morrow. Sit down, Alice! Do you think Paul would thank you if you arrived breathless in the middle of the night? Try to look at the matter coolly. Excitement never does

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any good. I will go, and see if he will listen to reason—to-morrow."

To-morrow! It seemed to both mother and sister as if a thousand calamities, too terrible to think of, might be happening, might have happened, before to-morrow; and on the other hand, how, they asked each other with a pitiful interchange of looks, were they themselves to live through the night? No feeling of this description moved Sir William. He was very much disturbed and annoyed, but certainly it would do no good to any one were he to render himself unfit for action by foolish anxiety. Nor did he feel any of that vague horror of apprehension which filled their minds. He was a great deal more angry and much less alarmed about his son's well-being. On the other hand, he was less sanguine; for he did not hope that Paul would listen to reason, as they hoped that by their entreaties, by their tears, by the sight of the misery his resolution would bring them, Paul might relent and give way. After a while Sir William returned to his library and to his blue-books, and the official letter which he had only half-read, which he had suffered himself to be so much influenced by parental feeling as to leave in the middle; and though he paused now and then to frown and sigh, and give a thought aside to the troubles of paternity, yet he went on with his work, and gave all the attention that was necessary to the public business, until his usual hour for going to bed.

Lady Markham and Alice spent their evening in a very different way; they read their letter over twenty times at least; they found new meanings in every sentence of it. Hidden things seemed to be brought out, emotions, penitences, relentings, by every new perusal. Sometimes these discoveries plunged them into deeper trouble—sometimes raised them to sudden hope. How little Paul was conscious of the subtle shades of meaning they attributed to him! They

were like commentators in all ages; they found a thousand ideas he had never dreamed of lurking in every line of their author; and with all these different readings in their heads spent a sleepless night.

#### CHAPTER X.

PAUL MARKHAM was not in his rooms. The porter at the college-gate looked curiously upon the party of people who asked after him. It was not the time of year when college authorities interfere with undergraduates; neither was a virtuous young man "staying up to read" likely to call forth their censures. The porter could not give them any information as to where to find Paul; the party (he thought) looked anxious, just as he had seen people look whose son had got into trouble: the father with wrinkles in his forehead, but an air of business and anxious determination to look as if there was nothing particular in it—nothing but an ordinary visit; the mother with a redness about her eyes, but a smile, very courteous, even conciliatory, to the porter himself, and so sorry to give him trouble; and an eager young sister clinging to the mother, looking anxiously about, staring at every figure she saw approaching.

"Here's a gentleman, sir, as can tell you, if any one can," the porter said. All three turned round simultaneously to look at the person thus indicated. He was a young man of not very distinguished appearance, who came carelessly across the quadrangle in a rough coloured suit, with a pipe in his mouth. He came along swinging his cane, smoking his pipe, not thinking of what awaited him. However, those three pairs of eyes affected him unawares. He looked up and saw the little group, and instinctively withdrew his pipe from his mouth. He had just slipped it quickly into the pocket of his loose jacket, and was trying to steal through the party under cover of a messenger who was passing, when Sir William stepped forward and addressed him—

"This man tells me," he said, "that you are a friend of my son, Paul Markham, and can perhaps give us some information where to find him."

While the father spoke, the two ladies looked at the young man with eyes half-investigating, half-imploing. He felt that they were making notes of his rough clothes, his pipe, which alas! they had seen going into his pocket, and of a general aspect which was not very decorous, and forming opinions unfavourable, not only to himself, but to Paul; while, at the same time, they were entreating him with soft looks to tell them where Paul was, and somehow—they could not tell how—to reassure them on his account.

Young Fairfax, who was not perhaps a very elevated member of society in general, was of a sympathetic nature at least. He was greatly embarrassed by their looks, and confused between the two sides, giving the attention of his eyes to the ladies on the one hand, and that of his ears to Sir William on the other. He felt himself blush at the thought of his own unsatisfactory appearance—his worst clothes (for who expected to meet ladies in August?) and the pipe, which both literally and metaphorically burnt his pocket. Lady Markham and Alice took the redness which overspread the stranger's face, not as referring to the state of his own appearance (though they were keenly sensible of that), but as a sign that he had nothing that was comforting or satisfactory to say of Paul—and their hearts sank.

Young Fairfax coughed and cleared his throat.

"Markham?" he said. "I will go and see if he is in his rooms."

"He is not in his rooms," they said all together, a fact which the other knew very well.

When Fairfax found this little expedient of his to gain time did not answer, he ventured on a bolder step. "If you will go to Markham's rooms," he said, "I think I can find him for you. I know where he will be;

that is to say I know two or three men's rooms—where he is very likely to be."

"Could not we go with this gentleman?" said Lady Markham, looking at him, though it was to her husband she spoke—and Alice looked at him too with a supplicating look which went to the young good-for-nothing's heart. He gave the ladies a look in return which he felt was apologetic, and yet full of a protest and appeal to their sense of justice. What can I do? I cannot make him all that you wish him to be; was what he felt his look said; and this was really the sentiment in his mind, though he would have laughed at himself for it. They understood him well enough and their hearts sank a little too.

"Impossible!" said Sir William, "how could you go to—a man's rooms? perhaps into the midst of a—party" he was going to have said riotous party, but forbore for the sake of the girl. "No, you had better take this—young gentleman's advice—"

"My name is Fairfax," said the youth, taking off his hat. He blushed again, having kept that engaging weakness, though it is not by any means sure that he had kept the modest grace of which it is the sign: and a smile crept about his lips. The hearts of the two women rose a little. If things had been very bad with Paul he would not, they reasoned, have had the heart to smile.

"Mr. Fairfax's advice," said Sir William; "go to Paul's room and wait there, and I will go with Mr. Fairfax to find him. That is much the best thing to do."

"I may have to run about to one place and another," said the young man alarmed; "it is a pity to give you so much trouble. Would not you, sir, wait with the ladies? I promise you to find him with as little delay—"

"I will go with you," said Sir William, in his cold way, which admitted of no appeal; "you know the way, Isabel, to Paul's rooms." And thus they parted, the young man look-

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ing at the ladies again with a kind of dismayed protest: can I help it? He was very much dismayed to have Sir William with him. Fairfax had not much doubt as to where Paul was, and he did not think it was a place which would please his father. He felt already that he had established an understanding with the others which justified his glance of dismay. Lady Markham and her daughter turned very reluctantly away. They went across the quadrangle with drooping heads. Everything lay vacant in the sunshine, no cheerful bustle about, the windows all black, no voices, no footsteps, no lounging figures under the trees. Slowly they went across the light with their heads close together. "He knows where Paul is," said Lady Markham, with a sigh. "But he did not want papa to go," said Alice with another. They crept up the silent staircase and went into the vacant room, and sat down timidly, not venturing to look at anything. They were afraid of seeing something, even, a book which in Paul's absence would betray Paul. His mother glanced furtively, pitifully about her. She was more bound by honour here in her son's room, more determined to make no discoveries, than if her boy had been her enemy; and who can tell how the consciousness of this sank like a stone into her heart. A few years ago everything would have been so lightly reviewed, so gaily discussed—but now! The fringes of her cloak swept some papers off a side-table, and she let them lie, not venturing to touch them. Paul should not suppose that his mother had come to pry into his secrets. God forbid! He should be allowed to explain himself, to say the best he could for himself.

"Mr. Fairfax looked as if he knew everything. Did not you think so, mamma?"

"Oh, my darling, what can I say? He looked, I think, as if he were fond of Paul."

"That I am sure he did. He was not very nice looking, nor well dressed;

but these young men are very careless, are they not, when they are living alone?"

"I should not think anything of that, dear," said Lady Markham, decidedly; "I think, too, though he was careless of his appearance, that he had an innocent look. He met your eye; there was nothing down-looking about him; and he blushed; that is always a good sign, and smiled at me, like a boy who has got a mother."

"And he did not look at all frightened to see us, as he would have done had there been anything very wrong. I think he was rather pleased—it was papa he was afraid of. Now it is clear that if Paul had been—wicked, as papa said—(oh, Paul, Paul, I beg your pardon dear, I never thought it!)—it would have been you and me, mamma, don't you think, that they would have been afraid of? They could not have borne to look us in the face if *that* had been true; whereas," said Alice, in a tingle of logic, the tears starting into her eyes, "it was papa Mr. Fairfax was afraid of, not you or me."

"That is true," said Lady Markham, brightening slowly, but she did not take all the comfort from this potent argument that Alice expected. "Unless they are very intimate, he is not likely to know all that Paul is doing," she said, shaking her head. Paul's room was far from orderly. Once upon a time he had been very fond of knick-knacks, and had cultivated china and hung plates about the walls. All that was gone now. Lady Markham looked at the bareness of the room with a pang. Would he have neglected it so if everything had been going well with him? Perhaps had it been much decorated she would have asked herself whether these meretricious ornaments did not indicate a mind given up to frivolity; but at this moment it seemed a curious and significant fact that the ornaments had all disappeared from his walls.

In the meantime young Fairfax was hurrying Sir William at a pace which scarcely befitted his dignity, or his

years, along the streets. Probably the young man forgot that his companion was likely to suffer from this rapid progress; and when he remembered, he was not without hope of tiring the angry (as he supposed) father. But Sir William was a statesman and trained to exertion. He puffed a little and got very hot, but he did not flinch. Fairfax it was evident knew very well where he was going. He made a cunning attempt to deceive his companion by pretending to pause and wonder at the first corner; then he smote his thigh, and declared that of course he knew where Paul would be at this hour—not in any man's lodgings—with the man who was teaching him—what was it? He could not recollect what it was—wood-carving or something of that sort. "It is a good way off; would it not be better to let me fetch him?" he said, making a last attempt. "Let us get a cab," said Sir William. "Oh, it is not so far as that," said his guide, with a blush. Sir William had a half-suspicion that he was being led round and round about to make him think the way longer than it really was, but that part of Oxford had changed since his time, and he was not quite sure of the way. At last, however, when no further delay was possible, he found himself at the door of a little grimy house, the ground floor of which seemed to be occupied as some kind of workshop, where a man sat working. The place smelt of varnish and the window was full of small picture-frames, gilt and ungilt, and other very simple articles, carved work-boxes and book-shelves. "Oh, Spears! has Markham been here?" the young man cried with a certain relief in his tone, evidently pleased not to see the person of whom he was in search. The workman looked up from his work. He was busy with a glue-pot, and the varnish which smelt so badly. He did not rise from his bench in honour of the gentleman, or remove his cap from his head. He said shortly, but in a voice of unusual sweetness and refinement,

"He is here still. He has gone up stairs, to wash his hands I suppose."

"Ah!" said Fairfax. It was not a syllable, it was a sigh. He had hoped to have escaped easily; but it was not to be so. He went to the foot of the stairs, which led directly out of the workshop. "Markham!" he cried, "are you there? Come down at once; you are wanted." How could he throw special significance into his voice? It sounded to himself just as careless as usual, though he had meant to make it very serious. "Markham, I say, there's some one wants you—important! Come at once!" he added, going up a few steps.

Sir William stood stiffly down below, watching with the utmost attention, while the workman upon his bench eyed him with suspicious eyes.

Then Paul's voice came still more lightly from above, striking strangely upon the ear of his father, who had never heard that tone in it before.

"Confound you, what's the hurry?" Paul said. "If it's a dun you ought to know better than to bring him here. I'll come when I'm ready."

"Markham! I tell you it's of the first importance," said the young man, going a step or two higher, but still quite audible to Sir William.

Then there came a burst of laughter from above, seconded by what sounded to Sir William's suspicious ears like feminine voices.

"Is it the Vice-Chancellor?" said Paul; "or the Provost? Say the word, and I'll get out over the leads or through the window—"

The next moment he appeared, rubbing his hands in a towel, and without his coat, with a face more full of laughter than, Sir William thought, he had ever seen it before; and this time he felt certain that he heard women laughing up stairs. He was standing with his back to the light, and his son did not see him for the moment.

Paul came down stairs, gradually



emerging, always rubbing his hands. He called out—

"Who is it, Spears? What is this fellow making a fuss about?"

"I cannot tell who it is," said the workman; "it is some one who has come into my house without taking the trouble to notice me. I presume therefore that it must be what is called a gentleman."

The sound of the man's voice was so pleasant that Sir William did not at first realise the offence in it; and at that moment he was too much absorbed in watching the changes of his son's countenance to think of anything else.

Paul emerged from the shadow of the staircase, which was like a ladder, his face full of amusement and brightness, entirely at his ease, and familiar with all about him. His hat was on and his coat was off, but that evidently made no difference; neither did he cease to dry his hands with the towel as he came leisurely down stairs. It was clear that he expected no one whose appearance could require any more regard to the decorum of formal life.

When he first caught sight of his father a cloud came over him. Sir William's face was not visible, but Sir William's figure and voice were scarcely to be mistaken. The father looked on while the first shadow of fear came over his son's face; then saw it lighten with a desperate effort not to believe what was too apparent; then darken suddenly and completely with the sense of discovery and of the fate which had overtaken him. To see your child's bright countenance cloud over at the sight of you, to see the struggle of hope that this may not be you, and despair to find that it is you, what mortal parent can bear this unmoved? It would have half killed Lady Markham.

Sir William was of tougher stuff, and less entirely moved by the affections; but yet he felt it. He saw the same line come into his son's forehead which all the family knew so well in his own,

and that expression of angry displeasure, impatience and gloom, came over his face. This made him too angry, in spite of himself. He said, harshly—

"Yes, Paul, it is I. I am the last person you expected, or evidently wished to see here."

Paul came down the remaining steps, the very sound of his foot changing; he threw away his towel and took off his hat, and assumed an air of punctilious politeness.

"I do not deny that I am much surprised to see you, sir," he said, darting a glance aside of annoyed reproach at Fairfax. He had flushed a gloomy red, of shame and annoyance, feeling his very shirt-sleeves to be evidence against him—and looked round for his coat with an inclination to be angry with everybody.

"I had just gone to wash my hands after my work," he said, with a confused apology. Confronted thus suddenly with his father in all the solemnity of authority and parental displeasure, how could he help feeling himself at a disadvantage? He forgot everything but that his father had found him in circumstances which to him would seem equivocal, perhaps disgraceful; but he was not allowed to forget.

"If you require to apologise, Markham, for being found in my shop or my house, you had better not return here," said the master of the place, eyeing him over his shoulder from his bench, "any more."

"I beg your pardon, Spears. My father—does not think with me. It is by no will of mine that he has come here——"

"If you can't be civil, and introduce him civilly—and if he can't be civil, and doesn't know how to treat a man in his own house," said Spears, busy with his glue-pot, "you had better take him away."

"This is the man you brought to my house—in my absence," said Sir William, "imposing upon your mother. I suppose the well-known"—(he was going to say demagogue, but paused,

after looking at the person in question) —“orator and leader of Trades Unions——”

“Yes, that is I,” said the master of the shop. “I am quite ready to answer any question on my own account. But I beg your pardon, whoever you may be. Markham did not impose upon his mother, nor did I. He introduced me as his friend, and I lost no time in telling the lady that I was a working man. Lady Markham has the manners of a queen. She was perfectly polite to me, as I hope I am capable of being to any one who comes in the same way into my house.”

Sir William gave his son's friend another look. He had no desire to make a personal enemy of this demagogue. A public man must think of expediency in public matters, even where his own affections are concerned.

“You will excuse me,” he said, coldly. “My business is with my son. I should not have intruded myself into your house had I known it. Paul, your mother is at your rooms, waiting for you. I must ask you to come there with me at once.”

Paul's countenance fell still more.

“My mother!—here!”

“Good morning,” said Sir William, taking off his hat with much solemnity. “I am sorry to have invaded Mr. Spears's privacy even for a moment. I will wait for you, Paul, outside.”

The workman got up and took off his cap, bowing ceremoniously in answer to Sir William's salutation. He had not moved till his name was mentioned.

“There!” he cried, with comical discomfiture, “dash the little aristocrat! He has the last word—that's the worst, or the best of them. They have their senses always about them. No flurry—no feeling. Well, Paul, aren't you going? Be off with you and explain, like a good boy, to your mamma and your papa.”

“What is it all about?” said a girl's voice from the top of the stairs; and first one, then another, fair, curly, somewhat unkempt head appeared

peeping down upon the group below. “And who is the little old gentleman? Father, may we come down stairs?”

“Go back to your work, on the instant,” said Spears; “I want no girls here. Well, Markham, why don't you go? Is your father to wait for you all day—and I too?”

“I shall go when I am ready,” said Paul, gloomily.

He took a long time to put on that coat. He was not of a temper to be cowed or frightened, and for a moment he was undecided whether to defy his father directly and deny all jurisdiction or control on his part, or to take the more difficult part of extending to Sir William that courtesy which his teacher had instructed him was due from all men to each other—from rebellious sons to fathers as well as in every other relation of life—hearing what he had to say with politeness as he would have heard any other opponent in argument. But the fact is that an argument between father and son on their reciprocal duties is a thing more difficult to maintain with perfect temper and politeness than any argument that ever took place in the Union or perhaps in Parliament itself. And Paul was bitterly angry that his father should have invaded this place, and dismayed to hear that his mother had come, and that he should have her entreaties to meet. He had not anticipated anything of the kind, strangely enough. He had expected letters of all kinds—angry, reproachful, entreating—but it had not occurred to him that his father would come in person, much less any other of the family. He was dismayed and he was angry; his heart failed him in spite of all his courage. Pride and temper forbade him to run away, yet he would have escaped if he could. He took a long time to put on his coat; he said nothing to either of the two men that stood by, and pushed Fairfax aside when he tried to help him. Spears had given up his work altogether, and stood watching his pupil with a smile upon his face.

"When does that fellow mean to go?" he said. "What is he waiting for? I like the looks of the little old gentleman, as the girls call him. There's stuff in that man. But for him and such as him the people would have had their rights long ago; but I respect the man for all that. Markham, what do you mean by keeping him kicking his heels outside my shop in the sun? That is not the respect due from one man to another. He's an older man than you are, and merits more consideration. What are you frightened for, man alive! Can't you go?"

"Frightened!" cried Paul, with an indignant curl of his lip.

"Yes, frightened, nothing else; or you wouldn't take so long a time about going. Ah, that's driven him out at last! Do you know those people, Fairfax? or how did you come to bring the father here?"

"I know them? I am not half grand enough. How should I know a man who is a Right Honourable? I met them by chance. Spears, you may say what you like, but even a little rank, however it may go against reason, has an effect—"

"Do you think I need you to tell me that? If it hadn't an effect what would be the use of all we're doing? 'Why stand I in peril every day?' as that fine democrat Paul says somewhere. To be sure there's something in it. I once lived three days in that man's house. I didn't know he was absent, as he says he was. I should have liked to have stood up to him and stated my way of thinking, and seen what he had to say for himself. It was the first sneaking thing I ever knew in Markham to take me there while his father was away. Life goes on wheels in those houses," said Spears, taking his seat again upon his bench. "It was all one could do after a day or two to keep one's moral consciousness awake. A footman waited upon me hand and foot, and I never spoke to him—not as I ought to have done—about the unnatural folly of his

position, till the last day. I couldn't do it; a fortnight in that place would have demoralised even me. The mother—ah, there it is! We can't build up women like that. I don't know how you're to do it without their conditions. We have good women, and brave women, and pure women, but nothing like that. You have to see it," said Spears, shaking his head, "even to know what it is."

"So long as it's only a fine lady—" said the young man.

"Don't talk of what you don't understand," said the other. "I'd have the best of everything in my Republic. I'd have that little old man's pluck and self-command; and the lady—I don't see my way to anything like the lady."

"I have always told you, Spears, that the old society which you condemn has everything that is good in it, if you would have patience and—"

"You have always told me!" said Spears in his melodious voice.

He returned to his work without further argument, as if this were enough reply. He was finishing a number of little carved frames, of which his window was full. There was a bill in the window on which "Selling off" was printed in large letters. The shop was full of wood and bits of carving all done up in bundles, and everything about showed marks of an approaching departure or breaking-up. The master of the house put on his cap again and gave himself up to his work. It was not of a kind which impressed the spectator. But the man who worked was not commonplace in appearance. He was not much taller than Sir William, but had a large massive head, covered with a crop of dusky hair. The softness of his eyes corresponded with that of his voice, but the lines of the face were not soft. He took no further notice of Fairfax, who, for his part, took his neglect quite calmly. The young man took his pipe out of his pocket, where he had put it stealthily when he first caught sight of the ladies, for one moment

paused, and looked at it with a look of half-comic half-serious uncertainty. Should he keep it as a memento of that interview? He looked at it again and laughed, then pulled out of another pocket a little box of matches and lighted his pipe. He, like Paul, was quite familiar and at his ease in the workman's shop.

## CHAPTER XI.

"You have kept me a long time waiting," said Sir William. "I should have thought elaborate leavetakings unnecessary in a place where you seem so much at home."

"I took no leave," said Paul; "it was quite unnecessary. I shall see Spears again to-night."

Sir William turned round upon his son with quick impatience; then paused. This was not a case to be treated hastily, and patience was the best. "You and I differ in a great many points," he said; "therefore it is not wonderful perhaps that I should think you have made a curious choice of a trade to learn: for I suppose you are by way of learning a trade. Don't you think a certain amount of civilisation is necessary before picture-frames will become remunerative? I don't think you could live by them in the bush."

Paul coloured high with that acute sense of being open to ridicule which is so terrible to youth. "Spears is selling off his stock," he said. "I do not know if it is a sign of high civilisation, but he sells his picture-frames and lives by them. Most men of genius have been reduced to make their livelihood by some inferior branch of their work."

"And what then do you call his highest work?" Sir William asked carelessly. Paul, astonished, but willing to believe that his father had taken an interest in Spears and that all was about to go as he wished, fell into the trap, as any other unsuspecting nature would have done.

"His carvings are wonderful," he

said, with all the fervour of enthusiasm. "When he has a congenial subject he is equal to Gibbons or any one. He ought to have been a great sculptor. If you saw some of the things he has done you would see what bitter satire it is that *he* should live by those wretched little picture-frames."

"Is it so, indeed?" said Sir William. "Then it is the higher branch of wood-carving and not picture-frames that you are learning, I suppose? Do you mean then to carry high art, Paul, into the bush?"

"I cannot see what this has to do with the bush, sir," said Paul, impatiently. "One must live there by one's hands, and to know how to use them in any special way cannot be a disadvantage in any other way. That is Spears's view of the subject, and mine too."

"I doubt if wood-carving will help you much in felling trees or making them into huts," said Sir William, with a great air of candour. "What do you suppose the advantage is likely to be of changing from a state of society where everything that is beautiful has its value, to one where you will live by your hands, as you say, and where the highest skill will only not do you any harm? I should like to know the reasoning by which you have arrived at your present convictions—the ideas expressed in the letter I got last night."

"You have received my letter then?" Paul said, with dignity. "You know what my settled determination is. I hope you do not mean, and that my mother does not mean, to attempt to turn me from a plan which I have not decided on without great thought."

"I don't know what your mother may mean to do, my boy," said Sir William, quietly. "She will act according to her own standards of duty, not mine; but I know what I intend myself, and the first thing is to understand your reasons for the extraordinary step you propose. You, the heir of a fine property——"

Sir William made a stumble before the word *heir*; which notwithstanding that Paul was about to abjure everything, led him to make a rapid calculation of his father's power in this matter. The Markham property was not all entailed. Did the father mean to disinherit his lawful successor? Paul felt a flush of indignation go over him, though he was about to declare his intention of giving up all.

"The heir of a fine property," said Sir William, "and an influential position. At this moment, young as you are, you might make a start in public life, and have a hand in the government of your country, which is as high an ambition as a man can entertain. How have you managed to persuade yourself that to go out into a half-savage country and encounter the first difficulties of savage life is better or more honourable than this? To live by your hands instead of your head," he continued, growing warm, "to surround yourself with beggarly elements of living instead of the highest developments of civilisation—to make yourself of no more account than any ploughboy——"

Here Paul felt himself touch the ground. There had stolen over him a chill of alarm as to how he was to answer such a question, but this last clause brought him back to the superficial polemics with which he was familiar enough. "Why should I be of more account than any ploughboy?" he said; "that is the whole question. Why is there this immense gulf between the ploughboy and me? Is he less a man than I am? Are not my advantages a shame to me in the face of manhood? What right have I to humiliate him for my advancement?"

"What right have you to be a fool?" said Sir William, bitterly. "I don't know: your mother is not a fool, though she is not clever. If your ploughboy had been educated as you have been, your argument might have had some show of reason. Do you mean to tell me that education is

nothing—that a lad from the fields ought to be of as much use in the world as you are? This is to despise not only rank, which I know is your favourite type of injustice, but breeding, culture, everything you have acquired by your work. How do you justify yourself in throwing away *that*? There is no question of humiliating the ploughboy; the ploughboy will be of ten times as much use as you are in the bush."

This view of the question was not pleasant to Paul. He held himself up with great stateliness, and did not deign to look at his father. "That remains to be seen, sir," he said.

"What remains to be seen?—that a man brought up to farming will make a better farmer than you—or your friend the wood-carver? Suppose we consider the question from his point of view," said Sir William. "He is a skilled workman, you tell me."

"I said a man of genius."

"All the better for my argument. Your man of genius," Sir William went on with a barely perceptible smile, "may be—appreciated, let us say, in a country like this, where art is known: but who will care for his art where he is going?"

"More than here," cried Paul hotly, interrupting his father. "Here, because he has no money, nor position to make him known, and no impudence to push him into favour, his beautiful work is taken no notice of, and he lives by making picture-frames. Ploughing and digging is better than that. The earth at least is grateful for what is done for her."

"Not always," said Sir William. "I thought you had heard enough about farming to know better. However, the advantage of emigrating to your—friend, will be, not the gain of anything, but the giving up of his work, and the sacrifice of what you call his genius. No, I do not scoff at his genius. I know nothing about it. I take it on your word. Your man of genius will throw away his chief



distinction on your own showing; and *you* will throw away what as yet are your only distinctions, the position you derive from your ancestors, the education which you have got (partially) by your own exertions—for what? to attempt to do clumsily what two ploughmen could do much better than you.—Ah! who is that?"

Paul's eye had been caught some moments before by a lady coming towards them, at sight of whom a sudden flush came over his face. A lady! was she a lady? She was dressed very simply in a black alpaca gown, the long plain lines of which harmonised and gave elegance to a tall, well-developed figure. The dress was well made and graceful, such as any lady might have worn; but the little hat upon the young woman's head was doubtful. Even Sir William, who looked somewhat anxiously at her, seeing the flush on his son's face, felt that it was doubtful. The faded brown velvet and scrubby little feather did not suit the rest of the dress. She walked well, as she came towards them, but when she perceived Paul and his companion, an air of embarrassment, which was half fright, came over her face. When Paul, all red and glowing with a mixture of feelings which Sir William could not fathom, took off his hat, she gave him an alarmed, inquiring look, blushed fiercely, and replied to his salutation with a hurried nod of her head, which made the question of her position more uncertain than ever. Still she was a handsome young woman: before she had seen Paul, Sir William himself had remarked her stately carriage and figure. "Who is that?" he repeated, suspicious, as a parent naturally is of a young man's unknown female friends, yet not unprepared to hear that it was somebody not unworthy to be known by Sir William Markham's son; for it might well be that ladies in a learned community, fearless of misconception, were not always so particular as could be desired about their hats. He turned half round and gave

a glance after her as she continued her way, which, as she had just done the same, was somewhat awkward. But Paul marched straight forward and took no notice. "Who is that?" Sir William repeated, sharply, determined this time to have a reply.

Paul's blush and discomfiture, and his marked and ceremonious recognition of the stranger, meant several things. They meant that he felt himself certain to be misconstrued, yet was too proud and too sincere to take any means of avoiding misconstruction; that he was annoyed by the encounter, alarmed by the new idea which his father would certainly take up in consequence; yet forced by this alarm and annoyance to show a more marked and excessive courtesy to the person (oh, had she but gone down another street and kept out of the way!) whose appearance plunged him into so much confusion, and would, he felt sure, complicate everything. Whether this sudden liveliness of consciousness did not mean that there was cause for alarm is another matter. In the meantime all that Paul felt was that the girl's name once mentioned must add tenfold to the difficulty of his position.

"Who is it? It is Spears's eldest daughter," he said curtly, with a new and brilliant suffusion of colour over all his face.

"Oh!" was all Sir William said. What more was necessary? The young man felt, with a sensation of intolerable impatience that he was judged and condemned on the spot; but he could not protest against a conclusion which was not put into words. If he said anything, would not his guilt be considered doubly proved? Silence seemed his only policy; and no more was said. The discussion, which had been so serious, came to a dead stop. They walked on together without saying another word. Sir William, who had been so bent upon convincing his son, dropped his argument all at once. Paul did not look at him, but yet he was aware that the line on his fore-

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head, the pucker that meant trouble, had deepened. The young man felt himself suddenly in the grip of despair. He felt himself judged, the question settled, everything changed. His whole conduct had assumed a new light in his father's eyes, and it was a false light. Instead of respecting him as the logical if rash devotee of certain fixed principles, his father evidently concluded him to be the victim of a commonplace love affair. How was Paul to overcome this hasty and false judgment? Pride and prudence alike made it necessary that he should take no notice of it. He held his head higher in the air than ever and walked on with a certain protestation and appeal against the injustice done him in every step he took. Sir William, on his side, dropped the argument with a mixture of despair and contempt. This was how it was—far more easy to understand than democratic ideas or communistic principles in the heir to a great property, here was an inducement which was plain to the meanest capacity: a fine, handsome, young woman! This was how it was! Sir William felt angry with himself for being duped, and for having really for a moment believed in the revolutionary sentiments which had been assumed (he had no doubt) in order to carry on this other pursuit. How foolish he had been to allow himself to be thus deceived! He gave up his argument with an abruptness which had impatience in it, and for the moment he could not say anything to the boy who had thus succeeded in deceiving him, and added the feeling of shame for his own gullibility to that of anger. He had taken the trouble to attempt to convince him, to believe in an intellectual error, which, however exasperating, was not discreditable—and this was how it was!

What was to be done? It was all a mistake, but Paul could not say so, for his father did not condescend to make any accusation. Thus they walked on, fuming both with indignation and impatience. Now and

then the young man eyed his father as if he could have taken him by the shoulders and shaken him, an undutiful form of the mutual exasperation. But Sir William was beyond this. What was the good? He would save his breath, he thought, for better purposes. Why should he talk himself hoarse while Paul laughed in his sleeve, not caring a straw for his arguments, meaning perhaps to laugh with the girl the next time they met over the ease with which his father had fallen into the snare. No, the fellow was not worthy of argument; he who was capable of masking an unworthy entanglement in this way. Let his mother try her hand upon him, the father thought, indignantly. She might do something. A woman's tears and suffering are sometimes more effectual than reason. Sir William felt in his indignant disgust that to let his own beautiful and perfect wife enter the lists against this—hussy—yes, he was coarse in his vexation and distress—to let Lady Markham, the pride of the county, a woman whom it was a glory for a man to have won—to let her come down from her pedestal and humble herself to the pleadings and the tears of an anxious mother for a boy so little worthy of her as to be capable of such a connection—was a disgrace. But then he knew that was not how she would feel it. She would not think of her own dignity. And she would get it all out of him—women can; they do not disdain to return and return to the inquiry, to ask question after question; he would not be able to elude her examination. She would get it all out of him—how far it had gone, all about it. And then some strong step must be taken—something must be done—though, for the moment, he could not think what that something should be.

"I see them at last," said Alice from the window. "Oh, Paul! Papa is coming along quite quietly, not scolding him. He is looking—not so angry. It is so natural to see them

walking along—quite friendly. He is not scolding—”

“Oh, my dear! do not use such a word. Scold! we might scold Harry for climbing trees; but this is too serious, far too serious. How is my poor boy looking? Oh, I hope—I hope your papa has not been hard upon him. Men forget that they were once young and foolish too.”

“That was what I meant,” said Alice. “I wonder—they are not saying anything to each other, mamma.”

Lady Markham had come to the window and was looking out too, over her child's shoulder, while the father and the son came along the street together, silent, separated by so much that was real, and something that was mistaken. The mother and daughter looked out together with but one heart. Not a breath had ever come between these two; they knew each other absolutely as no one else knew either. How could it be possible for them to misunderstand each other, to fall apart, to experience ever whatever might happen, the chill distance and severance which was between Sir William and his son? Lady Markham leant upon her child's shoulder.

“Not a word,” she said; “not a word. Oh, my boy—my boy! Your father must have given it up; he must think there is nothing more to be said.”

“But we will never give him up!” cried the girl. “How could we give him up? That is impossible. You could as soon give up *me*!”

“Not Paul, dear—never Paul: but the attempt to turn him from his own way. If he will not listen to your papa, Alice, what attention will he pay to me and you?”

Alice had no answer to make to this question, so intent was she, watching the expression of Paul's face as he crossed the street and disappeared under the gateway. She read in it, or thought she read in it, the conclusion of a stormy argument, the opposition to all that could be said to him, the determination to have his own way

which was natural to Paul. And she too, with a sigh, recognised the futility of argument.

“He never would listen to papa,” she said. “Papa proves you so in the wrong that you can't help going on with it. But he will not be cruel to you and me. Oh, when he knows it will break our hearts!” said Alice.

And then they were silent, hearing the steps come up the staircase, turning two pairs of anxious eyes towards the door. Sir William came in first with a kind of stern introduction of the culprit.

“Here is Paul,” he said. And then without any words, with a certain half-protest against their presence there at all, Paul submitted to be kissed by his mother and sister. They stood all together in a confused group for a moment, not knowing what to do or say, for it is difficult to rush into such a subject as this which was in all their thoughts in a company of four. Lady Markham held her boy by the hand, and looked at him pathetically with an unspoken appeal which made his heart ache, but felt that she must have him to herself, must be free of all spectators, before she could say all she had to say to him. “We had better go back to the inn and get some luncheon,” said Sir William, breaking the spell with practical simplicity. He took his wife by the arm as they went down stairs. “The democracy is a pretence, and so is the fancy for a new world,” he half-whispered, hissing into her ear. “It is a woman, as I thought.”

Lady Markham started so that she almost lost her footing, and her parasol fell out of her hand.

“A woman!” she said, with a scarlet blush of trouble and shame. The first intrusion of this possibility daunts and terrifies a mother. A woman, what does that mean?—not the pure and delicate love with which all her thoughts would be in sympathy; something very different. The shock of separation between the boy, the heir of all her hopes, and a man half-known, who is no longer the child of

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her bosom, was almost more than she could bear. The cry she gave echoed low but bitter through the empty passages, where many such have echoed, audible or inaudible, before.

CHAPTER XII.

"I CANNOT move him one step from his resolution," said Lady Markham, pressing her hands over her eyes. They were aching with tears, with the sleeplessness of the past night, and that burning of anxiety which is worse than either. "He does not seem to care for what I say to him. His mind is made up, he declares. God help us! William, our eldest boy! And he used to be so good, so affectionate; but now he will not listen to a word I say."

They were in a room in the hotel, one of those bare and loveless rooms, denuded of everything that is warm or homelike, in which so often the bitterest scenes of the tragedy of our life take place. Lady Markham sat by the bare table; Sir William paced up and down between that and the door. Outside was all the commotion of one of those big caravanserais which have become so common in England, echoes of noisy parties below, and a constant passage up and down of many feet. Trouble itself is made harder vulgarised by such contact. They were far too much absorbed to think of this, yet it made them a little more miserable unawares.

"Does he mean to marry her?" Sir William said.

"Oh!" cried Lady Markham, with a start as if she had received a blow; "I cannot think it is that. He will not allow it is that. It is, what he has always said, those new principles, those revolutionary ideas. I do not know what those men are worthy of who fill a boy's head with ridiculous theories, who teach him to despise his home."

"There are few who are much harmed by that. Isabel, you must not be squeamish. You must forget

you are a delicate lady, and speak plainly. I know what a young man is at Paul's age; they can hold the wildest theories without feeling any necessity to act upon them. It is a privilege of youth; but against that other kind of influence, they are helpless. And a woman like you does not understand the arts and the wiles of these others. And he does not know how important it is," said Sir William, with a piteous tone in his voice; "he does not know—"

"He knows very well what he is to me and to you," Lady Markham said. In this particular she spoke with perfect calm, not fearing anything. "How should he not know? I have not hidden it from him that a great part of the happiness of my life hangs upon his. It seems ungrateful when one has so many blessings; but oh! if *one* is in trouble, how can you be comforted though all the others are well? All your heart goes to the one. It is not that you love the others less, but *him* more—*him* more."

Sir William listened to this outburst without a word. They were bearing one burden between them, and yet each had a separate burden to bear. His heart would not be racked like hers by the desertion of the boy. He would not concentrate his whole soul on Paul because Paul was in trouble. But on the other hand, she was altogether unaware of what was in his thoughts, the doubtful position in which perhaps Paul might one day find himself; the need there was that his future should be within his own power to shape and form. Also Sir William was aware of the disappointment and misery awaiting those who compromise their whole lives in one fit of foolish passion, and secure their own misery by a hasty marriage. These were the things he was thinking of. He saw his son waking up to the realities of a life very different from anything he had dreamed—and encumbered, he so fastidious, so fantastical, with an uneducated woman and all the miseries

of premature fatherhood. He groaned as this picture arose in his mind.

"Trouble," he said. "Yes, I suppose if a young man allows himself to get entangled, there is trouble involved in the breaking of the tie; but not half so much trouble as will come after, when his life is dragged down by association with a woman like that,—when he has a wretched home, a sordid life, a hundred miserable necessities to provide for,—you don't know what it is, you can't know what it is——"

He broke off abruptly. Would she perhaps suspect him—*him*, her husband—of having learned by experience what these horrors were?

But no such notion entered Lady Markham's mind. "No," she said; "I think you are wrong, William. I think it is not *that* that is in my boy's mind. Oh, if one could know—if one could feel sure, that his heart was open as it used to be!"

Here she paused; and there was silence between the two, Sir William walking slowly up and down, with his head forward, and she sitting wistful gazing into the dark air, her eyes enlarged with anxiety and pain. They were such prosperous, happy people—so well off, so full of everything that can make life smooth and sweet, that the silence of their trouble was all the more impressive—so many things that harm poorer people would have passed innocently over them. They had such a stock (people might have said) of comfort and happiness to fall back upon. Nevertheless, this blow was so skilfully dealt, that it found out the weak places in their armour at once. To Sir William, indeed, it came as a sort of retribution; but what had his wife done to have her gladness thus stolen away from her? Fortunately those who suffer thus innocently are not those who ask such questions. She shed her tears silently, with many prayers for him who was the cause; but she did not complain of the pain which was laid upon her for no fault of hers. They had talked it all over

in every possible aspect, and now they were silent, saying nothing. What was there to say? They could do nothing, however they might toil or struggle. It was not in their power to change the circumstances. Even Sir William, though he was a man of much influence, a great personage, of importance in Europe—capable, perhaps, of stopping revolutions, of transforming the face of a country, and modifying the fortunes of a race by the advice he might give—was powerless before his boy. He could not turn Paul from the way he had chosen, nor persuade him to think differently. He might be able to destroy old corporations, to raise up new cities, to disestablish a church, or disturb an empire; but he could not make a change in the fancies of his son—whether it was in his opinions, or in his inclinations; that was altogether beyond his power. He sighed heavily as he went and came from the dull green-painted wall, to the dull table covered with a green cloth. The Queen might listen to him, and the country; but Paul would not listen. What wonder that his wife covering her hot eyes with her hand, and knowing that Paul's contumacy would steal all the pleasure out of her life, should feel herself powerless too?

There was one thing however that threw a little light on Lady Markham's thoughts—one person to whom she could still appeal. She did not speak of this to her husband, who might, she felt, oppose her purpose. But she told Alice, with whom her consultations were still more confidential and detailed.

"He was made welcome in our house," she said; "he was received as well as if he had been—any one else; and he is not a man without sense or feeling. If it is put before him, as it ought, he will understand. I will go and speak to Mr. Spears——"

"About—his daughter?" Alice faltered.

Lady Markham did not make any reply. She would not say anything

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about the chief object of her mission. What she wanted above all things was to test the truthfulness of her son's assertion that this daughter was nothing to him. Sir William put no faith in these assertions; but Paul's mother believed in him with trembling, even while she feared, and longed for some indirect testimony which would convince her husband. She thought over it all night, while she lay awake listening to the clocks answering each other with hour after hour.

Paul had not responded to his mother's inquiries, as they had all hoped. He had resisted her questions proudly, and he had not attempted to explain.

"You have made up your mind, you and my father, that I have not spoken the truth," he said. "Why should I repeat what you will not believe? I have nothing to say but what I have said."

"Oh, Paul, look in my face, and tell me—tell me!" she said. "I will not doubt you." But he was obdurate.

"I have told you," he said, "and you have doubted."

There was something even in this pride and indignant resistance of her entreaties which moved his mother to believe in him; but Sir William was of a different opinion. Her heart was torn asunder with doubt and fear; and here was the one way in which she could know. Her husband might think of Spears as a dangerous demagogue, but to her he was a man whose face had brightened at the sight of her children, a man to whom she had given her own ready sympathy—a human creature, whom she knew. Had she not a right to go to him, to appeal to him to relinquish his hold on her boy? Whether it was by his arguments, or by something less abstract, he had, it seemed, power which was almost absolute over her boy. Lady Markham did not mean to say anything to him about his daughter, to ask of him whether it was love for her which was leading Paul away; but could any one doubt that she would discover the truth

if she could see him, and speak to him without any one to interfere between them? She could not endure the doubts of Paul which rose in her own mind, nor to be obliged to listen to his father's doubts of him, and say no word in his defence.

Notwithstanding her sleepless night, she got up very early in the morning, full of this idea, and stole out of the inn unperceived. It was not till the morning air blowing in her face, and the looks of the passers-by, which, like any one unaccustomed to go about alone, she thought specially directed to her, had fully roused her out of the mist of thought in which she was enveloped, that she remembered that she did not know where Spears was to be found. What was she to do? She went along vaguely, unwilling to return, past Paul's college, with all its vacant windows twinkling in the sun, by the way which her husband had taken when he went to seek Paul the day before. Her heart gave a little leap as she passed the gate to see some one come out whose face seemed familiar to her. Was it Paul so early? Had he changed his habits like everything else? But yet she saw very well it was not Paul; it was his friend who had guided Sir William in search of him on the previous day.

Young Fairfax took off his hat respectfully, and would have passed, but she stopped and beckoned to him to come to her. Here, too, Providence had thrown in her way a witness who might corroborate Paul. She was out of breath with agitation when he came across the street.

"Can I—be of any use, Lady Markham?" the young man said.

"If it will not detain you—if it is not out of your way," she said, with anxious politeness, "would you show me where Mr. Spears lives—Mr. Spears—I think my husband said you knew him—the—the public speaker—the—very great Radical—he whom my son knows?"

Fairfax was puzzled for the moment by this respectful description.



"Oh, Spears!" he cried at last, suddenly waking to intelligence; he had not heard him called Mr. Spears before. A laugh woke about the corners of his mouth. He was apt to laugh at most things, and it amused him to hear the softening politeness with which the great lady spoke of the demagogue. But the next moment the wistful anxiety in Lady Markham's eyes made him ashamed of his smile.

"I will show you the place if you will let me go with you," he said.

It seemed some strange negligence on the part of the race generally that such a woman should be unattended wherever she might choose to go. He was a democrat too, mildly, with less devotion to Spears than Paul, yet with some interest in his teaching; but Paul's mother roused within him a natural loyalty and respect which was not in accordance with these principles—loyalty in which a subtle unexpressed regard for her rank mingled with reverence for herself. It was not as a mere woman and his friend's mother, but also as a lady—the kind that queens are made of—that she affected his mind. The idea of her required an attendant, a servant, a retainer. He put himself into the vacant place hastily, to repair the neglect of the world.

Lady Markham took an unfair advantage of this devotion. She plied him with questions—subtle and skilful—not always about Paul, but coming back to Paul with many a wily twist and turn. She threw herself with the warmest pretence of interest into his own career—what he was doing, how his studies were being directed, what his future was to be? Was it a pretence? No, it was not altogether a pretence. She could not but be polite, and true politeness cannot but be interested. She was pleased that he should tell her about himself, and a kind of shadow of an anxiety that he too should do well came into her mind—a shadow faint and vague of her great anxiety and longing that Paul should do well, better than any one had ever

done before. And like a lark descending in circles of cautious approach to her home, she came back to Paul when her young companion was off his guard, when she had beguiled him to babble of himself.

"Ah!" she said, "I fear you are both idle, both Paul and you," when Fairfax had been making confession of sundry shortcomings.

"No, Markham is not like me," he said. "Markham puts more of himself into everything; he does not take things lightly as I do. He is a more serious fellow altogether. That makes me rather fear Spears's influence over him, if you will let me say so."

"Indeed I will let you say so," Paul's mother replied. "That is just what makes me unhappy. He is a great deal with Mr. Spears?"

"One time and another—yes, they have seen a great deal of each other," Fairfax said. "Perhaps you don't know, Spears is the most entertaining fellow. He has his own opinion about everything. I think myself he is wrong just as often as he is right; but he has his own way of looking at things. I don't go with him in half he says, but I like to hear him talk—"

"And his house is a pleasant place to go to?" said the anxious mother. "Excuse me if I don't quite know. He is not in any kind of society, but he has a family? It is a pleasant house?"

Fairfax stared, and then he laughed.

"It is not a house at all, in the way you think of," he said. "I don't suppose you can form any idea—we go and talk to him in his workshop. There is no sort of ceremony. He will hold forth for the hour when he is in the vein, and he is very entertaining—but as for what you understand by a pleasant house—"

Lady Markham's heart grew lighter every moment.

"But he has a family?" she said.

"Oh, yes—there are girls, I believe," said Fairfax. Was he on his

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guard! She almost feared the directness of this question had put him on his guard. "One sees them sometimes running out and in, but that has nothing to do with it," he added, carelessly. "In his class it is not at all the same as in other ranks of life."

Here there was a pause. Not an inference was there in all this of any other influence than that of the political visionary—the influence which Paul acknowledged. Lady Markham's heart had given a leap of pleasure. Oh, if Sir William had but heard this careless, impartial witness, every word of whose evidence supported that of Paul! But then a chill breath of suspicion came over her. What if he were less unconscious than she thought, skilfully arranging his replies so as to back up Paul's assertions? This discouraged and silenced her, in spite of

herself. How easy it is to learn the miserable alphabet of suspicion! She went along with him doubtfully, sick at heart, asking no more questions, not knowing whether there was anything in the whole matter to which she could trust.

"There is Spears's shop. You will find him at work already; he is always early. May I come back again for you, Lady Markham, in case you should miss the way to the hotel?"

"You are very kind," she said; but the sight of the place where Paul had spent so much of his time, raised again a sick flutter in her bosom. She waved her hand to him without any further reply, with a smile which went to his heart; and then crossed over, dismissing him thus, and went direct to the fountain head of information—to Spears's open door.

*To be continued.*

## BISCLAVERET: A BRETON ROMANCE.

WE all have had our childish shudderings over stories of the "Gar-Gare, or Were-wolf;" that grim ghost of bosky fastnesses of Norway, of Hungary, the Black Forest, and even of the plains of France; that uncanny "thing"—for neither man nor beast was he—that spent half his time as an honest gentleman should, the other half roaming the high woods, and anon assisting, so the common people believed, in a meeting of chosen demons.

During Sir Walter Scott's time the belief in the existence of the "Gar-wolf" or "Bisclaveret," still remained in Brittany; and a contemporary of Sir Walter writes:—"The Bretons still suppose that certain men deck themselves in the skins of wolves, sometimes even assuming their very forms, to frequent nightly gatherings over which 'Old Nick' himself presides."<sup>1</sup>

One can well imagine how numberless were the tales of Bisclaveret in the days of chivalry, when the red-deer wandered free over the breadth of Normandy, the boar made his lair in the woods of Versailles, and wolves bayed the moon at the gates of the scattered castles of petty kings in Ancient Armorica.

But it is scarcely so easy to imagine them not a century ago, when the wild woods of France were no more, when ploughland and vineyard had taken the place of oak and chestnut groves, and when the very occasion of a wolf coming down into the Dordogne would muster out more men from a single village than could a whole kingdom of chivalric time.

<sup>1</sup> See foot-note, p. 48, of Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, Bohn's Series, from which romance this is adapted.

At the present time the superstition has died out. Nevertheless, one "Bisclaveret" story still hovers round the winter fire-sides of Brittany—by which *vieux bonpapa* in his great armchair—the centre of a semi-circle of well-filled stools and wooden settles—doles out, amid the puffs of his brier pipe, the following:—

"You well know, my children, the high road leading from Poitivy to Guingamp; how, after leaving the village of Corlay, it winds up the Côtes-du-Nord through wooded glens and steep defiles to the head waters of the river Vilaine.

"At about two miles from the summit there are the ruins of a little *chaumière*, long since deserted, but in my young days inhabited by one 'Yvon Cardoc.'

"Very little was known of his history; he had come, he said, from Finisterre, and was a carpenter and blacksmith by trade. But as he was a *bon garçon*, paid ready money, did not get more than ordinarily drunk, and above all was loyal, nobody cared what he might have been before; and every one liked him for what he was.

"At all the merry-makings was Yvon, ringleader in the frolic and fun; and each girl in the countryside vied with the other for a loving glance from his brown eyes.

"And well they might. His tall, athletic frame was set off by dainty clothes, and dark locks rolled over his shoulders, as long and fine as Jeanette's here.

"When I was about twelve years old it was rumoured round that he was going to be married to one of the prettiest

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girls of the Haute-Bretagne; and she looked it too, shortly after, standing before the Curé of Corlay, in her pointed white linen cap, gay kerchief, dark blue woollen gown, short enough to show pretty feet and ankles incased in crimson stockings and silver-buckled shoes, with bright bows of ribbon on their instep, a silver heart and crucifix (her lover's present) on her bosom, resting on a snowy frilled bib and apron; and I thought as Yvon took her hand to lead her out of church, that a better matched pair could not be found in Brittany.

"Up to the little *chaumière* they took their way, followed by a joyous throng.

"The pigs and chickens had been banished into the woods for the night, the mud floor swept and sprinkled; candles stood round the room in niches or on pine brackets, reflecting brightly off the old carved oak bedstead; the big chest had been shoved into a corner to give free warren for the dancers; while overhead dangled the bread-basket, bursting its sides with new barley cakes, in company with such a goodly array of sausages, onions, and hams, as made the hungry wish for supper time.

"The evening passed off gaily, and not a cloud was to be seen in the new married couple's horizon, till a game of chance was proposed. 'Try your 'luck' in the fountain,'<sup>1</sup> said one; and in an evil moment Yvon and Annette consented.

"With solemn air Annette's *bonpapa* hands to each a piece of bread and butter; and amid a laughing crowd they sally out under the moonlight to a spring bubbling and gurgling from a network of old oak roots.

"The pieces are thrown in. There is a moment of breathless excitement. 'They swim!' 'They don't!' 'They stick!' 'No! Yes! No! Annette's sinks! and the buttered side downward, by St. Yves!' Why this should have cast a sudden chill

<sup>1</sup> This game is at present played only on New Year's-day, I believe.

over the party, I know not. A dozen times before on New Year's Days had each and every one of them tried their luck in the same way; laughing as they saw the fatal bread and butter foretell their prosperity, sickness, and death.

"But now somehow it seemed different. The whilom jest had become a solemn reality. Perhaps the tone in which *bonpapa* had said, 'God preserve thee from ill, my Annette!'—perhaps the sombre shadow of the oak, through whose heavy foliage tiny rifts of silver flickered on and around the pool, had something to do with it. Be that as it may, the party returned to the *chaumière* in silence, which the scattering '*Pauv, peti, Annette's*' from the more superstitious did not help to brighten.

"Yes, the revel was at an end: the bread and butter had foretold death for Annette within a year, and *bonpapa* looked sadly disturbed when he heard the ominous result.

"So the sobered revellers made their *adieu*s hastily—starting at the footfall of the roe which crossed their homeward path, and shuddering at the whisper of the aspens in the valley.

"However, in spite of the bad omen, the honeymoon seemed to pass off as happily as could be; and the anniversary of their marriage day had nearly come round ere any one knew that aught was wrong in the *Chaumière* D'Yvon.

"When they had been married about ten months, *bonpapa* was one morning sitting at the door of his *ferme*, unbending from the rheumatic cramps of winter in the warm May sun; now watching in the yard around him the grim gambols of a litter of white pigs—gaunt even in their youth; now giving an approving look at the sturdy colt that hinned and snickered round its mother in the pasture, and made sudden and futile attacks on two meek-eyed cows, blotched black and white, as had been their ancestors.

"Puffing contentedly at his pipe sat *bonpapa*, drinking in the sweet scent

of the stocks and wallflowers on the gable.

"He was at peace with the world and himself; his farming had been prosperous these twenty years; the old stocking in the oak chest had been exchanged a few days before for a newer and larger one.

"Yvon seemed well off: Annette was happy, and what more could an old man want? But after all, was Annette happy? Of late dark circles had grown under her eyes; at times she seemed distraught; at times very affectionate; then again cold and listless. What could it be?

"Ah! here she comes! Not tripping down the path as was her wont though, but hurrying onward with her head bent, one hand clutching her cloak round her, the other clenched tight at her side. What could be the matter?

"'Bon jour, *Bonpapa*!' 'Bon jour, *ma mie*!' 'Is any one at home besides you, *bonpapa*?' asked she, looking anxiously round.

"'Nobody! Jacob and Pierrot are in the fields; Maman has gone to market! What is it, child?'

"For a moment or two she hesitated; then throwing herself at his knees, she blurted out fiercely, 'He is a Bisclaveret! He told me so himself once, and I did not believe him; but last night I found it out for certain!'

"'A Bisclaveret! who, child, who?' exclaimed the astonished old man.

"'Who? why he!—he, of course!—Yvon!'

"Although *bonpapa* was of a generally placid disposition and somewhat rheumatic, the suddenness of this announcement was too much for him, and he bounced out of his arm-chair like a jack-in-the-box, nearly upsetting himself in breaking loose from Annette.

"Had he been a German, he would probably have sat still, and said, 'Zoooooooooooo! Zoooooooooooo!' and given vent to his phlegmatic feelings after a long brown study over his

china pipe. But *bonpapa*, my children, was a Breton and a Frenchman, and dashing his favourite *brière* pipe on the ground, he danced round the kneeling Annette, alternately swearing and crossing himself.

"At last broken sentences began to form themselves out of the torrent of expletives. 'A Bisclaveret! married to my granddaughter! Ah, *cochon*!—and no one to know it! The omen of the marriage day! Bad luck attend him!' etc., etc. However, this strain could not be kept up long, and sinking into a chair and picking up his pipe he puffed furiously at it—seemingly unaware that the bowl had been broken off by the fall.

"As soon as his excitement waned a little, curiosity took its place; and he conjured Annette, by her Patroness St. Anne, to tell him all about it; till the poor girl, creeping closer to him, began in a low, frightened voice:—

"You remember, *Bonpapa*, the omen of our marriage day foretold my death; and I went sadly to bed on my marriage night. The next day, when I went to the spring, the bread was there still, with little fishes tugging at it. Do what I would, I could not shake off the fear of that omen.

"Yvon was kind and good to me, and I loved him: but yet he seemed in some way connected with my fate. Another thing troubled me; he would never tell me anything of his past life, except that he had come from Finisterre.

"One night about a month after our marriage, I was surprised, on waking up at midnight, not to find Yvon at my side. Some nights after that he was gone again; and a few nights after that: and one morning on asking him where he went at night, he coloured up so, and made such a clumsy excuse, that I decided to lie awake and find out how long and how often he was absent.

"At last I found out that every other night he went about ten o'clock, and returned just before day.

"Knowing, as the whole country side does, of his many amours before marriage, I naturally concluded that he went out to see some old love, and the idea so maddened me—for I loved him dearly—that I taxed him with unfaithfulness, and said I knew he had some mistress whom he visited regularly.

"Whereon he laughed, and answered, that I was the first mistress he had ever had, and that I would be the only one. 'But,' added he, 'if you really want to know my secret, I am a Bislaveret, and every other night I am condemned to spend in the wild woods.'

"Of course I then thought this nothing but an excuse, and things went on as usual, except that once a fortnight he would take the donkey and be gone two days, always coming back with plenty of money—so much, that I think we must have saved up a hundred louis.

"You well know, *bonpapa*, that, at this time of the year, when they have cubs, the wolves howl more than at any other time. Well, about a fortnight ago, there was a regular chorus of them to the northward of the *chaumière*, and Yvon two or three times in the evening got up after listening anxiously, went to the door, and came back with a disturbed look on his face.

"It seemed to me so odd that Yvon, a mountaineer, who had been out at night three times a week for the last year, should be afraid of a wolf howl, that I determined to find out the reason.

"About half an hour after we had gone to bed, he leant over me to see if I was asleep, and when, as he thought, he had assured himself of it, he got up, put on his clothes, and slipped out. The moon was young; but when I got to the door, I could see him strike into the woods opposite, heading directly for the wolf howls.

"This brought to my mind his saying that he was a Bislaveret; and when the same thing happened the second

night, and on the second from that again, I determined to follow him and find out the worst.

"I did so last Monday up into the pine woods, along a beaten trail starting from close to the corner of the pasture, but which I had never noticed before. Just as we had got close to the wolf howls, by a great pine tree and a ledge of rocks, I lost all trace of him, and, fearing the wolves, I hurried back again. Wednesday night I followed him only to lose him at the same spot; but last night, by keeping closer to him, I knew to my horror that he had spoken the truth, for on arriving at the ledge of rocks, he stopped, lifted a large flat stone, and took something from it under it, which, *par Notre Dame d'Auray*, were wolf-skin clothes. He put his own clothes in their place, and arrayed in the skins, started towards the wolves, to a broken part of the ledge of rocks overgrown with bushes.

"As soon as I could muster up courage, I hurried after him.

"When I got through the thicket, he had disappeared, and the wolves seemed to be galloping away through the forest; but as I scrambled up over the ledge, I was confronted by a wolf so enormous that I can only believe it to have been Yvon metamorphosed.

"I had just presence of mind to strike him on the head with a short ox-goad I brought with me, and then run down the rocks again, falling near the bottom and nearly stunning myself. But I sprang up and fled home, fearing every moment he would follow and pull me down.

"I meant to come on here, but I was in such terror of his catching me as I ran, that as the *chaumière* seemed to afford me some protection, I rushed in, barred the door, and waited my fate.

"About his usual time he came to the door and tried it,—I was in a cold perspiration. At last he knocked. I could not answer, I was tongue-tied with fear. He soon began to swear at me, saying that he knew I was in there, and that I had shut the door to

spite him; and after a long time, after making him swear by the Virgin he would not harm me, I let him in.

"I was nearly frightened to death when he came in, for no sooner was he inside, than taking me by the shoulders, and gnashing his teeth at me like a wolf that he is, he told me that if ever I played him such a trick again he would kill me.

"This morning, as soon as I could, I ran down here. But, ah, my God, *bonpapa*, do not let me go back to the wolf! He will kill me some day, I know he will; and the prophecy of the fountain will come true!"

"So little was known of Yvon's antecedents, he had always been so mysterious about them, that putting this and sundry other little things together, coupled with Annette's story, *bonpapa* could only arrive at the unpleasant conclusion that he had married his granddaughter to a Bisclaveret, and that it might be as well for all concerned to put such a grandson out of the way quietly, before some horrible catastrophe happened. Many were the plans he formed for doing so: but they were all marred by Annette, who would neither consent to be the means of Yvon's death, or to go back to the *charmière*; and the morning had nearly slipped away ere *bonpapa* had half-coaxed, half-bullied her into helping him to follow out the one least objectionable to her.

"It was more than probable that Yvon, being out of temper with his wife, would go out again that very night; and as it would be easy to follow him in the moonlight, the old man proposed to dog him to his wolf conference himself, and if he found it to be a fact, to take steps with the Curé of Corlay for his regeneration or extirpation. To this Annette at first would not agree, as she would not consent to *bonpapa's* risking his life alone with the Bisclaveret. *Bonpapa* to this urged strongly that he must go alone to save the scandal to the family, and

would not take her for fear something might happen to her. But at last it was decided that both should go; so towards evening Annette went back to the *charmière* as if nothing had happened; and by dark *bonpapa* was ensconced in the edge of the woods, with the proverbial silver bullet in his gun in case the Bisclaveret should discover him and show his wolf nature.

"Yvon's morning fit of anger had passed off; and though moody at times, was kind and loving; so much so that Annette began to repent of the night's adventure before her. She could not help loving him still in spite of all; but as evening grew on, fear came over her that he might any night return in his wolf's form, that his savage nature might be aroused, and that the prophecy of the fountain might come true; besides the scandal to the family if it were known that she had been married to neither man, beast, nor demon! Pah! she crossed herself at the fearful thought! The Curé would find some way of regenerating him, and he would not have to be killed; so that by the time Yvon slipped away from the house, she was again nerved to follow out the quest; and giving him a few minutes' law, she hurried out across the pasture, mottled with wide-eyed buttercups, and over the low rail and bank beyond, under whose shadow *bonpapa* awaited her, gun in hand.

"Bursting through a grove of birch and willow, they find the trail, and in a moment more Annette's keen eye recognises Yvon's figure ahead of them, now half lost in a dense thicket, now standing out gray in a moon-lit glade against a bank of wood.

"Now they scramble down over moss-clad rocks into a dark glen, where hazel branches arch over their heads, the brook tinkling and simpering down through damp shaughs and coppices of alder, fringed and tufted round the roots with rank burch grass.

"Up into the moonlight again, along



a hillside, in an air heavy with the scent of primroses and hyacinths.

"On either side the oak stems loom up gaunt and white, save where knotted veins of ivy creep up and round them, sucking their life blood. Anon they drop into a low vale where the spongy moss squeezes out its water from under their tread, and sighs as it takes its shape; once more, at the delicate yellow asphodel, too crushed and bruised to rise again.

"A rabbit scuttles across their path, one ear slouched towards them, the other cocked at the great horned owl sweeping through the treetops.

"Cowering in the grass and ferns they watch Yvon's tall figure top the earth bank, where he stands for a moment looking back over the trail, and, as Annette avers to *bonpapa*, straight into their hiding-place.

"But a moment, and they hurry on again, as the chase is lost in the labyrinth of seedling pines which usher in the forest, and whose sturdy branches swish their faces and limbs, as they wind through them.

"But taller and taller grow the pines, freer and freer of lower branches, and at last, after a plunge into a dell of bracken higher than their heads, they emerge into the wild woods, and a sharp yap, yap, with an answering howl, sails down the wind, sighing through the pine branches over head, to greet them on their way.

"Ghost-like glide the three figures through the dark stems, among which grey boulders crop out mushroom-like through the warm carpet of fir-needles. Warily tread the hunters in the scanty cover, twice nearly discovered by Yvon who had stopped to breathe a moment in the ascent; for excitement had so kept up Annette and the old man that neither felt fatigue; and as the hunted presses on again, they slip from behind their sheltering trees, and creep after him like a pair of panthers, while louder and clearer down the breeze sweep the wolf howls.

"On the crest of a long chine, over-

looking a gully, Annette clutches the old man's arm, and drags him behind a tree.

"'There! there it is! across in the moonlight. There is the stone! Let us wait here.'

"Slowly Yvon climbs the further slope, and appears in a little cove bathed in moonlight against a ledge of rocks, there rising abruptly some thirty feet, but which a few yards on was a broken slope overgrown with shrubs and bushes.

"Breathless they watch him don the fatal skins and glide into the thicket towards the wolves, now quite close.

"'Stay you here, Annette,' whispered the old man, 'I will now go on alone. If I don't come back in half an hour, go home and alarm the country side; if you see the wolves, climb yon tree and call for help.'

"'Oh, do nothing rash, *bonpapa*, for the love of Notre Dame D'Auray! Do nothing that may bring death on either of you, for my sake.'

"A wave of the hand, and anon he too crept out into the moonlight under the rocks, and was lost to sight in the thicket. The wolves, after a sudden burst, had stopped howling; and as Annette heard *bonpapa's* footsteps die away in the silence of the night, a vague dread seized her that she should never see him again, and she counted the moments to his return.

"Then as she strained eyes and ears towards the thicket, she thought of his errand; of whom he was tracking; and all her year of married life passed by her like a dream.

"If *bonpapa* was successful, if he satisfied himself that Yvon was a Bisclaveret; what then? What would he and the Curé decide to do with him. He had been a good husband, and in spite of her knowledge of his double being, she loved him; it seemed now more than ever, at the chance of his being condemned to death through her means.

"Better have faced it out than to have told *bonpapa*!

"*Bonpapa*! How long *bonpapa* had

been absent—he should be back by this time. The half hour must be up. The Bisclaveret might have seen them tracking him, turned on the old man now he was alone, and killed him. That were if possible worse than the other. And in her double agony of doubts and fears, she knelt and sobbed aloud to the Virgin.

“What is that velvet footfall on the fir-needles? That short sigh behind her?”

“Oh God! the great wolf again at her elbow!”

“Yvon! Bisclaveret! have mercy!”

“For a moment the two, wolf and girl, glared at each other; and then, clashing the broad white-fanged jaws like a steel trap, he lunged at her.

“With all her force she drove the ox-goad home. But not this time! and, ere she had lifted it for a second blow, he was upon her, the white fangs buried in her white neck, and the cruel claws tearing her shoulders and bosom.

“One long despairing death-scream broke the stillness of the forest, cutting through the pine stems, buffeted against the rocky ledge, tossed from side to side of the glen down into the woods below, and then nothing but the muffled worrying of the wolf, and the throbs of the girl’s death struggle.

“The scream reached the ears of *bonpapa* who, having suddenly lost all trace of Yvon, was slowly returning. It could only mean one thing, that Annette had been attacked by wolves or the Bisclaveret, and he hurried back to where he had left her.

“As the wolf raised its head to look at the new comer, the same idea that had occurred to Annette, flashed across *bonpapa*—that Yvon had discovered them following him, that not content with his skins, he had taken a wolf’s form, and having given him the slip, had gone back to kill his wife; and the horror of the scene so unnerved the old man, that he scarcely could hold his gun steady; but the Bisclaveret stood still frothing his bloody jaws over his victim; and at last the

silver bullet sped. With a howl the wolf sprang into the air, struggled a moment on the ground, and then shambled slowly off.

“Ah, what a sad ending to their expedition! What a poor revenge on the Bisclaveret! He *must* die—the silver bullet must do its work; but how dearly had that revenge been bought! And bitter tears dimmed the old man’s eyes as he lifted into his lap that little head hacked and gashed by those cutting teeth. Who was to blame for it but himself? He should have followed the Bisclaveret alone! There was no question about Yvon’s identity now. He had suddenly disappeared only a few paces before him among the wolves, almost at the top of the ledge. The thicket, the plateau, had been searched, but he was not to be seen. Too suddenly and mysteriously had he disappeared for man. Bisclaveret he must be! Devil he was, to come back and kill his poor defenceless wife! But it was the prophecy; the omen of the fountain had come true!

“He wiped away the blood from the face as well as he could, and after one long kiss, sat dreaming and stupefied.

“The wild ‘hoot! hoot!’ of a screech-owl aroused him; but now that the excitement had worn off, how weak and helpless he felt. On rising, his limbs were so numbed and trembling, that after carrying the body a few paces, he was obliged to rest.

“It would be impossible for him to get it home alone, so he stuck a branch with a handkerchief on it over the body to keep away the wolves, and started sadly home to rouse the country side.

“How dreary was the downward path through the tall pine stems: how ghostly the ‘hush! hush!’ of their branches. But even that was company in the great silence of the forest, where a pine seed quivering, spinning down, clicked as it touched a fallen limb. How heavy and choking the scent of the hyacinths below.

“Air! air! To be again among his

fellow-men, out of that dell where the mists rose heavy and dank, and the leaves sprinkled a clammy rain on him; and as the sleeping vale below burst on his sight, and the dim outlines of the fields mapped out on its broad moonlit bosom; as he peered down at the *ferme*, nestling in its sheltering aspens, he breathed a prayer that revenge might bring at least a poor relief to his troubled thoughts.

"It was barely dawn when some twenty armed peasants filed out of the farm-yard, the old man himself on a pony, vowing to find the Bisclaveret dead or alive, and if the latter to take a fearful vengeance.

"As to have gone by Yvon's *chaumière* would have been longer, they went straight up through the woods to the spot.

"Little tits and golden-crested wrens were twittering through the pine branches when they reached it. A woodpecker was tapping on the tree over it, and flopped away through the woods, echoing his harsh laugh; but the body and the handkerchief were gone! Where?

"Look for the clothes under the stone," proposed one. 'If he is dead his own clothes will be there, if he is alive, the skins!'

"The stone was lifted and there lay the Bisclaveret's nightly garb, a rude blouse and trowsers of wolf skin, with thongs round the waist. Off both of them the hair was frayed in great patches, and they were bedraggled with mud.

"By St. Yves, his namesake, he does the saint honour, wearing the devil's livery so freely!" said a peasant. "Twere well to take these and confront him with them, as he is alive! Even if he does deny killing Annette, he cannot deny that in these he has joined in the wolf dance. Ten to one he has buried the body in the woods, and gone down to the *chaumière* to brazen it out. If he has, we can avenge Annette first, and hunt for her body afterwards."

"The advice seemed good, and in the

first piece of soft ground, along the trail, they found Yvon's tracks going down the mountain.

"At the corner of the pasture, *bonpapa* called a halt. Should they take him alive if they could and make him confess, or kill him outright?

"Kill him! kill him! kill the Bisclaveret!" was the answer. 'Why should he be allowed to live longer? What was he but a murdering demon in whose company no one was safe? If he would kill Annette, he would kill any one! This taste for blood might bring out his wolf nature, and our homes and little ones are not safe! Call him out; shoot him down! and if he will not come out, fire the roof. *En avant! en avant!*'

"And soon a ring of fierce faces close in on the little *chaumière*, from whose chimney a thin film of white smoke simpers up through the morning air.

"Yvon! Bisclaveret! come out and show yourself! Ha, ha! we have you now, in spite of your sharp teeth! Ho! murderer! wolf mate! show yourself!"

"Slowly the door opens, and Yvon, pale and hollow-eyed, shows himself; only to stagger back into the house, slamming the door convulsively as the charges of a dozen guns rattle round him.

"Fire! fire! Burn him out! Set fire to the thatch! smoke the wolf out!" rang out again the revengeful voices, and ere it was well said, tinder was put to the roof in two or three places. A pause. A bright streak of flame runs up a long straw, and the roof is in a blaze.

"Aha! Bisclaveret, you are trapped now! The devil will have his own sooner than he expected! Show yourself, murderer! Show your teeth for the last time, and die like a brave wolf!"

"But not an answering sound, till a sullen rush of smoke hurtles up as the roof crashes in, echoed by a cry of rage and pain which silenced even the crackling straw and rafters.

"In a moment more the door was burst outwards, and from under the debris into their midst struggled Yvon, shambling and tottering, grimed with smoke, and dripping blood from a dozen wounds; but in his arms was clutched something, of which, in the fury of revenge, they had forgotten the existence—the body of the unfortunate Annette—in a dress once white, but now mottled with the fresh blood of Yvon's wounds, and smirched with cinders.

"The sight was so unexpected that all shrank back as he staggered across the road, and fell beside the spring.

"Still further they shrank back as, glaring round on them, he panted out with the energy of death—

"Devils! what do you mean? What have I done to deserve such a death?"

"'Done?' exclaimed *bonpapa*, his anger rising as Yvon spoke; 'have you not done enough? Did not Annette and I track you last night to your wolf den? and did not you murder the innocent thing while I was in search of you? Did not my silver bullet bite into your wolf flesh? And

do you ask what you have done, fiend that you are! But 'tis no use, you have not long to live, so make your peace with God, or the devil your master, whichever it be.'

"'Stay,' said Yvon, 'I came out of my mine this morning (there's no use concealing it longer, as I'm dying) to find Annette cut to pieces by wolves, I suppose, though some one must have been there since, as the body had been moved. Water! quick! I'm dying! I am a miner. A year ago, in hunting, I killed two wolves in a cave in which I found traces of lead. I opened the mine, used their skins to work in, so as not to soil my clothes and betray myself, sold my lead in Guingamp, and to put Annette off the scent, I told her I was Bisclaveret. And the omen of the fountain has come true, doubly true—Annette! Annette!'

"Slowly the last words bubbled up through the frothy lips, and dropping over her body there passed away from earth the soul of Yvon Cardoc the last Bisclaveret of Brittany!"

MAURICE KINGSLEY.

## LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

How comes it that so many great men, men that have been great benefactors of their kind and have left great works behind them, have had to live under pressure, with strained energies, and the sense of having too much to do? It seems as if men could hardly become great under the conditions of a calm, leisurely life. A man cannot run at his fastest, or swim his furthest, in ordinary circumstances; he must be running in an exciting race, or swimming for dear life, to do his best. It rarely appears what a man is capable of till he is put to his mettle. Necessity is a wonderful educator, a wonderful enlarger and quickener of men's faculties. We lately read an account of a printing machine which from eight cylinders can print and fold about a hundred thousand newspapers in an hour. What but the pressure of necessity could ever have made machinery accomplish such wonders? It needs something of the same sort to take the most out of human faculties. Under the pressure, the faculties become enlarged and quickened, and are thus capable of producing results that calm leisure never attains.

Still it is true that overwork is an evil. It is more—it is often a murderer. Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Dr. Norman Macleod, and many others certainly did not live to the end of their days, and it was overwork that robbed them of the residue. No doubt, as is often said, it is not work but worry that does the mischief. But worry is the daughter of overwork; it is having too little time to be patient that gives the feeling of worry; it is having the nerves so stretched that the slightest opposition frets them. When a celebrated editor complained of being

"Overworked, overworried,  
Over-Croker'd, over-Murray'd,"

the first word of his lamentation explained all the rest. Undoubtedly,

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then, overwork while a means to good, is itself an evil. A distinguished man of our acquaintance used to say that the most desirable condition of life was to have just somewhat more to do than you could possibly accomplish. Not far too much, for that would crush you; but enough to check the tendency to laziness, enough to supply a perpetual spur. The evil is that it is so difficult to realise this happy condition; men who are able to do much are usually pressed to do far too much; and the warning which so often comes in the form of paralysis or of heart-disease, comes too late to admit of a remedy.

It must be accepted, we apprehend, as the true state of things that while there are evils inseparable from high pressure and overwork, the best that a strong man is capable of cannot be done without them. Let us observe, for example, how careful an overworked man is to make the most of his time. What an early riser he becomes! Can anything make a man start from the luxury of a half-waking, half-sleeping state in bed like the conviction that if he is not at work at a given minute the whole business of the day will be thrown into arrear and inevitable confusion? Dickens has a character somewhere who says he always goes to bed with regret and rises with disgust. The pressure of work removes both the regret and the disgust, for at bed-time bed is welcome to the busy worker, while in the morning it is a thief and a robber. How much more rapidly one runs through the newspaper when there is but ten minutes for it; or how much more quickly one transacts business, or makes inquiries, or goes through friendly greetings, when dozens are waiting in the anteroom, let doctors and lawyers say. "Don't go to men of leisure when you want anything

done—go to busy men," was a saying of the late George Moore's, of Bow Churchyard, himself a busy man, the architect of a colossal business, and yet able to carry on his shoulders the interests of innumerable charities. In the United States they have a rule in some of their conventions that speakers shall not occupy more than two minutes. It seems to many as if a speaker would need that time at least to clear his throat; and yet it is wonderful what can be said in two minutes when neither love nor money can eke out the allowance.

Besides saving time, the pressure of work makes the mental machinery go faster. The mind comes under an excitement which quickens all its processes. The steam gets up, and the piston flies through the cylinder like lightning. Pieces of work have been done in these moods that would not, or could not have been done under more still and quiet conditions. If St. Paul had not led so busy a life, his Epistles would have borne a different character. They would not have the stimulating power they have. The rush and rapidity of the Apostle's mind communicates itself to his readers. The same thing is true, in a sense, of the speeches of most great orators. Such things could not be produced in cold blood. Men must be on wings to do them. If the rocket were not discharged in a sort of frantic excitement, it would not describe the beautiful curve which it traces. It is certain that the leisure which busy men so naturally crave would greatly restrict and impair many of their greatest efforts. Their work might indeed be done with more finish and beauty of detail, but it would have far less of the living and quickening power to which, very probably, its chief value is due. No doubt, if sober thought be the chief thing needed in a piece of work, the slower it is done the better; a judge must be deliberate, and solemn, and slow; but if the purpose be to illuminate, to quicken, to impel, the mind will be all the better of the excitement

that comes from the pressure of too much to do.

When able men are urged on in this way, it is wonderful what they can do even in their *hora subseciva*. Sometimes it seems as if they could never stop. They go on like the Flying Dutchman, as if they were embodiments of the perpetual motion. There is Mr. Gladstone, for example. No sooner is he relieved of the burden of the premiership than he is up to the neck in Homer. When people are wondering how he gets time to keep up his Greek, he is out with an elaborate pamphlet on Ultramontanism. Hardly is the ink dry when a publication is announced on the Turkish massacres. And when people are thinking him fairly exhausted, he goes through an electioneering campaign like a meteor, and delivers a succession of speeches, that for every quality of powerful and brilliant oratory fill the whole world with astonishment. We suppose that in his best days a similar activity must have characterised Lord Brougham. When could he have written his papers for the Useful Knowledge Society, or studied and written his chapters on Paley's *Natural Theology*? The sparks from such men's anvils are equal to the chief products of ordinary craftsmen. But even these men would probably have been eclipsed by the activity of the Spanish poet, Lope de Vega. It was calculated that 21,300,000 of his lines were actually printed, and no less than 1,800 plays of his composition acted upon the stage. "Were we to give credit to such accounts," says Lord Holland, "allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that on an average he wrote more than 900 lines a day; a fertility of imagination and a celerity of pen which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest, his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and one may say physically, impossible."



With such cases before us, we come more readily to understand the paradox that the busiest men are those who have most time, or at least most capacity, for extra work. The medical profession is full of instances. It is remarkable that the late Sir James Simpson, for instance, in the midst of an unprecedented professional practice should have been a keen antiquary, and should have found time to write so many antiquarian memoirs. It is said of the late Dr. Abercrombie, that his works on the *Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man* were composed in his carriage, as he was driving to see his patients. The instances of medical men in the height of practice writing papers for the medical journals, or preparing professional works for the press, are very numerous. The faculties of such men are so ready that in their moments of leisure they can do more than many another man who has no stated work at all. Even ordinary men understand quite well how irksome a very small bit of work, like the writing of letters, is in a holiday-time, when one is idle in the country; whereas in the height of one's activity, a dozen letters could be dashed off in an hour, and not even counted in the hard work of the day. An able man, in the full swing of his manifold work, is like a machine that by belts and wheels can do all kinds of by-jobs, besides what engages the chief share of its activity.

Nor is such a life necessarily so oppressive as is often thought. Our Maker has so ordered it, that one of our chief pleasures is derived from work successfully done. *Labor ipse voluptas*. There is always a gratification in "something accomplished, something done." Lope de Vega, writing his play in a single day, as he often did, had no doubt sufficient enjoyment in it to compensate him for all the confinement and toil. Rapid workers have not time to get disgusted with their work, as those are apt to do who brood over it. Disgust is usually the product of leisure and reflection, and comes at a second stage. If the

work be somewhat varied, the pleasure in connection with its completion is varied too. Hence, perhaps, is the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity and rich in the enjoyment of successful labour to a life of absolute idleness with no such vivid enjoyment, has often proved fatal. There is too little activity in the new life, and too little of the pleasure of activity. Idleness, without the excitement and pleasure of work, becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker, rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labours, and enjoys himself in quite a different scene. Swiss mountains and Swiss air have then a double charm. The interval is too short to produce the *ennui* that attends permanent separation from active pursuits. Few things live in the memory more vividly than the first month in Switzerland in the heart of a too busy life.

Too much to do, besides its direct effect on the busy worker exposes him to certain inconveniences apt to escape the notice of others. One of these is the effect produced on his memory. One who leads a rushing life, who has to hurry from one thing to another and from one person to another without a moment's interval, cannot have a vivid remembrance of many things that happen in his experience. He is necessarily liable to forget, in a way that another cannot understand. Many a busy physician has found himself at times in serious trouble from this cause. He has made a promise to a patient, but before the promise had hardened in his memory, some exciting case has hurried him away, obliterated the impression, and the promise has been forgotten. Authors' memories have been known from a similar cause to play them strange tricks. We know an author who was engaged in writing a book amid many other absorbing occupations. For some weeks the

book had to be laid aside. When leisure came, he resumed it, as he thought, at the point where he had broken it off, and got through a considerable chapter, when to his mingled amazement and amusement, he found in his drawer another manuscript, almost precisely similar, the existence of which he had quite forgotten. So strange and incredible are these tricks of memory that sometimes the most honest of men, if examined in a court of justice, would hardly be believed. The *non mi ricordo* would hardly be accepted by those who have had little experience of the difficulty of carrying in the memory impressions which have not had time to photograph themselves on its tablets, or have been blurred by other impressions following too quickly.

If a busy man is guilty of some neglect, leisurely people are apt to fancy an intentional slight where nothing of the kind was dreamt of. In the case of such a man, there is a twofold reason for applying the rule which Elizabeth Barrett, in one of her letters to Mr. Horne, thus gracefully acknowledged:—"In one letter was something about neglect; you told me never to fancy a silence into a neglect. Was I likely to do it? Was there any room for even fancy to try? That would be still more surprising than the fact of your making room for a thought of me in the multitude of your occupations."

In the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, if we remember rightly, it is told how once, at the beginning of her literary life, she took it into her head that an eminent publisher was dissatisfied, because he did not at once acknowledge and answer a letter accompanying a manuscript. At Haworth it was not easy to understand the ways of Cornhill or Paternoster Row. We can fancy the grim smile on the face of the publisher, overwhelmed in all likelihood with letters, manuscripts, proofs, books, bills, and business of every sort, at the gentle impatience of the lady. Most pub-

lishers and editors too have doubtless had rather amusing experiences of the innocent impatience of correspondents. Letters to the editor often run as if the poor man had nothing whatever to do from morn to dewy eve but attend to their papers. He may be struggling, like a dray horse in an overloaded waggon, to overtake the piles of crabbed handwriting in prose and verse that burden his table, ranging from essays in Chinese metaphysics to lines on a snowdrop, and possibly, in regard to a given paper, thinking of inserting it in the course of the season, when down comes a thundering epistle demanding why it did not appear in the last number. Well, the impatience of correspondents is not always innocent. Some have a spiteful pleasure in stinging the editor for "rejecting" what the unhappy man never asked. If he had only time, he might explain things, and perhaps pacify them; but perhaps not. Editors, we suppose, must submit to be counted tyrants, and probably fools to boot, by a large proportion of the ill-fated volunteers to whose surpassing merits they are so often inveterately blind.

More amusing are the strange fancies that some persons have as to what overworked men may be asked to do for them. In the very thick of the American war, there came to President Lincoln an Illinois farmer, in a great state of excitement about a pair of horses that one of Lincoln's generals had requisitioned for the war. The owner was of course entitled to compensation, but somehow it had not come. Going to the President, he told him his story, and was rather chagrined to be told that it did not lie with him to pay the money. Then, says the farmer, will you undertake to write to the general, and see that the matter is settled properly? Poor Lincoln, who never wanted a story to help him in an emergency, was ready for his visitor. "When I was a rail-splitter," he said, "there lived near us a smart young fellow, the captain of a Mississippi boat, who could steer a vessel over the rapids with wonderful skill, as

hardly any one else could. One day, when he was grasping the wheel with his utmost strength, at the most critical point of the rapids, a little boy came running up to him in great excitement and said, 'Cap'n, stop your ship, my apple has fallen overboard !' " In the *Life of Sir James Simpson* there are some curious notices of the extraordinary things that patients in the country would sometimes ask him to do. Once a gentleman wrote to him asking him to send him a copy of the prescription which he had given him some years before, when the doctor could hardly recall the man, much less the prescription. Others would ask him to go to Duncan and Flockhart's and get them some particular medicine. A very busy clergyman of our acquaintance, when over head and ears with many things, once got a letter from a stranger in the United States, explaining that more than a century ago some one of the name of G—— owned a property near Edinburgh which was believed to have been destined by will in a particular way, so that the relatives in America thought they had some claim to it. He was requested to inquire into the matter, find out about the will, communicate with the present owners of the property, and put everything in train for a just settlement of the claim. It would have been reasonable for the writer to inclose a bill for five hundred dollars, but that, unfortunately, he omitted to do.

Unreasonable though it be to plague overworked men in this way, it is very interesting to find such men volunteering, in the midst of a hundred other things, to do some useful service to the friendless or the poor. Nothing could have been kinder, for example, than the act of Sir Walter Scott, writing out sermons for a young aspirant to the Scottish ministry, whose state of nerves made him unable to grapple with the task, and satisfy his presbytery. Similar, though in a quite different sphere, was the kindness shown by Vinet, at Lausanne, to a peasant woman who

invaded his solitude one Sunday morning. Overcome by toil and illness, Vinet had been obliged to forbid the visits of strangers, and his family were guarding him with all possible care. The woman was an intelligent, God-fearing peasant, who had never succeeded in getting rest for her spirit ; but, having fallen in with one of Vinet's books, she was persuaded that if she could only see him, he would be able to give her the needed guidance. With much difficulty, she got admission to his room. We can fancy the anxious relatives enjoining her to detain him as short a time as possible. But Vinet, when he heard her story, was profoundly interested, and spent the whole day with her, up to the hour of the last stage coach. The account which the woman gave to her own pastor, on returning home, was interesting. "Well," said the pastor, "have you been able to see him ?" "Yes," she replied, "and at last I have found one who has humbled me." "Humbled you ! M. Vinet is not the man to humble any one." "Yes, humbled me, and humbled me profoundly. In contact with his humility and goodness, I felt all my pride give way." Then she told how thoroughly he comprehended her case, how patiently he spent the whole day with her, and all in such a homely way that she felt as if he was her brother. A few days after, Vinet sent her a book newly published, as if she had been one of his chosen friends.

The anxiety of busy men to make up for any little want of attention to persons whom they ought to have known, illustrates the same spirit of Christian chivalry. In the correspondence of Dr. Chalmers there is a characteristic letter to the daughter of the late Sir David Brewster, in the following terms :—"19, York Place, 28th May, 1845. My dear Miss Brewster,—I can imagine nothing more monstrous than the stupidity into which I fear I must have fallen, if it was really you who sat near the moderator's chair this evening, and on whom I speculated in my own mind for hours

as one I ought to have known. It is far the most mortifying instance, though many such have occurred, of my utter want of the organ of individuality; but I never could have fancied it possible that it ever could have happened in the case of one in whom (forgive me for saying it) I feel so much interest. It would comfort me effectually if you would have the goodness to let me know where and when it is that I may have the pleasure of waiting upon you. Ever believe me, my dear madam, yours most affectionately and truly, THOMAS CHALMERS."

Of all the instructive instances of busy lives we have, that of our Lord is far the most remarkable. It is only when we pay minute attention to the notices of His labours that we can understand what a crowded life He led. Galilee alone, through the whole of which He made several circuits, embraced, according to Josephus, two hundred and four towns and villages; and besides Galilee, we read of His visiting the remote north, at Cesarea Philippi, the remote north-west, in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon; we know of His passing through Samaria, of His being on the East of Jordan, and of His being often in and near Jerusalem. Throughout every part of this wide district, He not only preached, taught, and healed, but He had numberless collisions with opponents; He lived under a constant apprehension of attack; He carried on the training of the apostles, and in their slowness of heart, forgetfulness, want of faith and personal strifes, He encountered a serious addition to His burdens, although it would be harsh to suppose that on the whole their company did not cheer and refresh Him. The strain on the bodily energies in a life involving so much physical movement and labour must have been very great; the strain on the nervous system where there was so much excitement, and where such vital interests were at stake, must have been even greater. And yet He appears to have gone through all His

labour with marvellous calmness and self-possession. From the narrative of His life, nothing is more remote than the air of bustle or hurry; it has indeed quite a wonderful aspect as of oriental calm and leisure. Owing to His systematic way of working, He was always beforehand, always ready. His discourses have a marvellously finished air, as if they had been all matured before they were spoken. His very answers to casual objectors were marvellously clean-cut and finished. He never found Himself in a situation in which He was disconcerted, or at a loss how to act. And in His mind, one thing was never allowed to jostle another, however full it might be of projects, or however burdened with responsibility. The last scenes of His life exemplify this orderliness and business-like composure of mind in a wonderful way. And what we have already adverted to as so chivalrous in busy men, when turning aside to care for others—

"The mind at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise,"

was singularly beautiful in Him. The farewell discourse, the intercessory prayer, the healing of Malchus, the look turned on Peter, the word to the daughters of Jerusalem, the prayer for His murderers, the promise to the thief, the commending of His mother to the beloved disciple—what wonderful consideration for others did all these imply, in the midst of His own great agony? How well He knew how to conquer the snares of overwork, and turn everything to the highest ends of life! How wonderfully the divine shines through the human, without overlaying it in that unexampled career!

We have glanced at some of the phenomena of that busy mode of life which seems to be more common in this age than in most that have gone before. It has its drawbacks and its dangers, but is not without compensations, and even blessings.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

## SIR WALTER TREVELYAN'S WINE CELLAR.

UPON the first day of April in the present year, on coming down to the library to find the spread of letters on the many varieties of topics which usually, even before breakfast, beset the life of a busy man, I dropped on one first that had the most certain indication about it of a lawyer's hand. I pondered over that letter, ere I opened it, with as much consideration as the most careful Hamlet ever bestowed on the skull of poor Yorick. What, said I to myself, is this about? Who is the lawyer? What be his quiddits now, his quillots, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Has his letter reference to the Hampstead Hospital case, or the Royal Commission on noxious vapours? It can be nothing unpleasant, for, except in the way of happy friendships, no man has had less to do with lawyers than I, so far in life, for which I reverently bless my lucky stars!

The letter impressed me. In the usual orthodox manner, under such puzzling circumstances, I scrutinized the handwriting of the address, the post-mark, the seal; at length I solved the difficulty by taking what the eminent Mr. Weller called the quickest route,—namely, opening the document and reading it. The letter was short and to the point. The writer of it, as one of the executors of the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bart., of Wallington, in Northumberland, informed me that Sir Walter, by a codicil to his will, added in November, 1878, bequeathed to me the wines in the cellars of Wallington, "to be applied to scientific purposes." The letter further conveyed to me the information that the late Baronet had left a large envelope for me containing a something that felt like the key of a cellar-door, and that I was to

state my pleasure as to what should be done with the same.

The first effect of these tidings was sufficient to take away the breath. No lawyer under the sun had ever before been so good as to write to me announcing a legacy; and to those who like me have never previously felt the sensation of such an announcement, I can state now, from experience, that the symptoms are what we physicians would call "essentially pathognomonic."

But next to this came another fact not less astounding. Here was I, a teetotaler of the most pronounced type, suddenly involved in the possession of a cellar of wine—one of the most noted cellars in the whole of the kingdom. To add to the difficulties came the third and last part of the bequest, that the wine was to be applied to scientific purposes.

The considerate reader will not fail to sympathise with me when I relate that, after a few minutes of reflection, a feeling of intense relief came over me on recalling the day of the month and the month of the year. It was the first of April. No doubt what it all meant. Some pitiless wag had made up his mind to make me an April fool. It was a club-room joke—one of the fair returns of the "devil in solution" for my giving to him that now familiar sobriquet. At the moment a retired proctor came to see me, and he, a total abstainer also to the backbone, listened with astonishment to the narrative. The effect on his mind was to send him away precipitately, bothered. He had heard that all the wine at Wallington had been disposed of years ago, and then upon him came the same reflection as upon me,—the day of the month. An hour later the postman brought me a letter from the learned proctor, written



in the most thoughtful and kind manner, warning me to be cautious as to the manner of answering the mis-sive. "This," he said, "is meant for a hoax; remember the day." I did remember. I got a legal directory, and found that the name of my Newcastle correspondent was all right; but as he had given me no address beyond Newcastle, I wrote to him a note which nobody could turn to account, as far as I could see. I asked simply that the parcel and key referred to might be sent in a registered letter.

Long before that key arrived,—for it did arrive, by return of post, in all proper form,—I was made aware that no joke had been perpetrated. At half-past eleven of the 1st of April, within three hours after the letter had reached me, a remarkably intelligent "gentleman of the press" sent in wishing to see me. He had heard of my "great fortune," and had called to get the first information. He tried to pull out of his breast-pocket an oblong book of incredible length, with a large clasp which caught in the linings of his coat, and was not extricated without considerable skill and management. Then between the leaves he placed several layers of flimsy, and after pointing his pencils and finding a firm place for writing, he asked me for the fullest particulars as to the nature of the bequest. He was almost incredulous when I told him how little I knew of the matter myself, in fact, that I knew no more than he did, and wondered how he had become informed on the subject at so early a moment. I fear he went away sadly disappointed, for he had got a good notion, as I afterwards found, of what the public wanted to know, and which ran somewhat in the following vein of inquiry:—

Where is Wallington? What kinds of wine are in the cellars? How old is the wine? What, within a thousand or two, is its value? How long had I known that it was going to be left to me? Would it be sold at Christie

and Manson's? Had any of it come from the *Royal George*? Within a hundred dozens or so, how much was there of it? Was there a great variety? Was the wine in good condition? Why did Sir Walter Trevelyan leave it to me? If I sold it what should I do with the money? If I didn't sell it what should I do with it? Should I have any objection to submitting a bottle or two of the choicest specimens to a fine judge of wine? Would I be good enough to explain the state of the corks, and how the bottles had been laid down? Was it true that the bottles were all walled up with brickwork? Had I any copies of the songs that had been written about the wines of Wallington?

Other questions than these soon began to spring up, though these, as far as I remember, were the principal. But to return to my narrative. In due course of post the packet from Newcastle arrived. It was a large packet containing the key of the cellars of Wallington. It was sealed and signed by the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, and it contained an instruction that on his decease it was to be delivered to me at my address in London. It also contained, on three pages of very old-fashioned and very faded paper, a list of wines. The list had been made out evidently many many years ago, for the ink was much faded. I should infer that it was a part of an old cellar book from which many leaves had at some time been torn. The leaves that remained were inclosed in thin paper covers.

The news of the bequest spread very quickly, and few subjects during last London season gave rise to greater variety of conversation, speculation, and amusement. All kinds of extraordinary rumours were circulated respecting the value of the bequest. It ranged, in estimated value, from a hundred pounds to four thousand, and I could appear nowhere without being cross-questioned upon it. It became, in fact, after a time, rather a wearisome task to answer so many inquiring minds,



and, worst of all, never to be able to answer any of them to their entire and pleasant satisfaction. Why it should have created so singularly curious an interest it is difficult to divine.

The interest has not yet worn away, and therefore I propose now to the best of my ability to appease it by answering certain of the questions that have been asked, and which were related above. I do not think it is of much importance where I begin, so the first question on the list may as well come first. Where is Wallington?

Wallington, the Northern seat of the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, and now of Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bart., K.C.B., is a fine old mansion, near to Cambo in Northumberland. On the railway map Scot's Gap will show the nearest station to it. One of the best short descriptions that can be found of it was rendered at a meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects, held on December 2nd, 1867, when a paper was read by W. B. Scott, Esq., on mural decorations at the mansion. At that meeting Sir Charles Trevelyan explained that the house at Wallington affords a good illustration of the progress of our domestic architecture. "The germ of the building," he said, "was an ancient tower which was sold with the estate by Sir John Fenwick a few years before he was beheaded in the reign of William the Third. It was purchased by the Blackett family of Newcastle, by whom the present house was built." The old tower was built into the modern house, the lower portions forming a part of the present cellars. Sir Walter Trevelyan added greatly to the beauty of the mansion in his time, by throwing a glass roof over an inner court, and converting the court into a central hall, the passages connecting the rooms on the upper and lower stories opening into it in the form of arcades. This central hall is decorated in the most classical and beautiful style, the subjects having reference to Border history. Eight

panels were fitted by Mr. Scott with a series of pictures, the subjects of which begin with the Roman Wall,—an ancient fortified barrier not very far off,—and end with the Industry of the Tyne. Four ancient and four modern incidents in history are thus depicted:—1. The building of the Roman wall. 2. King Egfrid offering the Bishopric of Hexham to Cuthbert, hermit on Farne Island. 3. A descent of the Danes on the coast. 4. Death of the Venerable Bede. 5. The Spur in the Dish—the sign to the moss-trooper that the larder was empty. 6. Bernard Gilpin taking down the gage of battle in Rothbury Church. 7. Grace Darling and her father saving the shipwrecked crew. 8. Iron and Coal—the industry of the Tyne.

The pictures named,—four of which are on one side of the hall, four on the other,—are splendidly lighted, and, to complete the decoration, the spandrels of the arches are illustrated with scenes from *Chevy Chase*, giving the history of a day and night, from sunrise to sunset. The pictures are painted on prepared linen, and as they progress they run with the Border ballad. There is the departure, seen from the battlements; Earl Percy parting from his wife; the knight's retainers trotting away; the footmen and the bowmen with their dogs in leash; the sight of the deer; the hunting with the leader of the herd, a stag of ten; the battue,—the archers posted for shooting; the rear of the herd, the drivers following; the brattling of the deer,—cutting up the dead animals; the battle,—the chief waiting, and the tidings of the approach of the Scots; the English bowmen advancing,—“a Percy! a Percy!” the Scottish spearmen closing—“a Douglas! a Douglas!” the Douglas dying by an arrow, the Percy by a spear; the death of Witherington and the end of the battle; the next night and morning,—a leech extracting an arrow; women looking out for their husbands and brothers; the Percy's body found by his wife; the return to Alnwick with the dead.

In addition to these, in other parts are some medallion portraits by Lady Trevelyan, the first wife of Sir Walter, and groups of flowers by Mr. Ruskin, and other friends. In the centre of the grand hall is a marble group by Mr. Woolner, the subject being in character with the rest of the adornments for illustrating the progress of civilisation. A mother is teaching her child to say the Lord's prayer. The two figures form the chief subject, but around the pedestal are three bas-reliefs. A mother of an ancient race, in savage love, is feeding her child with flesh from the point of a sword. The Druids are offering to the gods, in a wicker cage, their enemies taken in battle. A warrior in battle is driving his chariot and cutting down his foes with the scythed wheels of the chariot. The supremacy, the victory of the Christian civilisation, surmounting them all, is exquisitely told. In design as in execution the whole is, in fact, perfect. It is intended, as the great English sculptor, who produced it, tells me, to illustrate, by contrast, that civilisation is due to the result of effort for the subjugation of passion. The child in the principal group turns to kiss the mother, feeling her face so near; the Christian mother checks it with her hand until the "Our Father" is repeated. The savage mother, on the contrary, feeds her child with raw flesh on the point of his father's sword while praying that he may become ferocious and destroy all his foes. The grand hall is the most striking feature within the mansion. The mansion itself, possessing little of external decoration, is set in lovely grounds, which the present distinguished owner is making still more beautiful.

The cellars at Wallington, in which my famous wine was stored, are the remains of the foundation of the old tower to which Sir Charles Trevelyan referred when he spoke of the ancient tower sold by Sir John Fenwick. This tower was probably once part of a castle, for it is common in North-

umberland for persons to speak of Wallington as Wallington Castle. The cellars are very large in size, and if they ever were filled with wine there is every reason for believing that a great many songs were written about them, and a great many songs sung too, which had their inspiration, good or bad, from that dark sphere of enchantment. The cellars have stony walls, stony arched doors, and well protected windows. Once in them, it is said, was a chariot way, and a place where horses could be stabled.

The mention of the cellars leads me naturally to the wine that was kept in them. The wine was never built up, as some have assumed it to have been. Sir Walter came into possession of Wallington on the death of his father in 1846, and I believe that a part of the wine at that time in the cellars was sold. The choicest specimens were kept, and occasionally Sir Walter himself, though he never touched wine, would take visitors down to the cellars and show them what precious old vinous stuff was there stowed away. When Mr. Woolner was at the mansion, in 1857, Sir Walter took him and a number of other friends into the cellars and gave them a most learned antiquarian account of the contents in the bins, showing them specially some very ancient malmsey-sack. A bottle of this "rare and ancient cordial" was tried by the company afterwards, at dinner, and was pronounced "perfect."

The list of wines which Sir Walter inclosed in his packet to me is marked, "Wallington wines, Mar"—without any further date. The list included specimens of St. Peray, of the date of 1834;—sherry of 1837; Madeira of 1803-1818; and old; sherry, old; sundries; claret, and four hock magnums in cellar before 1777; sack and Tokay; St. George; hock; port; Constantine; French; Sauterne; sundries—whisky; hollands; brandy; rum or kersh before 1777; Cyprus, 1762; port, 1820; port, (no date); cider, perry; and a great number of other sundries the names of which are

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not supplied. To the list a note is added that the Tokay and St. George were bought of Mr. Edward Wortley in 1752.

The wine remained in its old resting-place until October last, when, at the kind invitation of Sir Charles Trevelyan, I paid him and Lady Trevelyan a visit at Wallington, and made a personal inspection of my vinous possessions. The inspection of the cellar led to the discovery of a greater variety of wine than is stated in the list. The wine was stowed away in the most careful manner, and in many instances was almost buried in fungus. In most cases the bottles were laid down in the manner that is common in these days; but in a few samples the bottles were placed upright. Whoever last arranged them had done his work with the skill of a practised hand, and such care had been taken with certain of the specimens, that the labels were stamped in metal with the name of the wine, the name of the wine merchant and the date. In other instances the names were painted on labels of wood, the wood itself so rotten that the writing could not be made out. In other instances again the names were distinguishable on the wood. Altogether we discovered twenty or twenty-one specimens of wines and spirits, namely:—Port, Claret, Cyprus, Hock, French, White Port, Pruniac, St. George, Sack-Tokay, Malmsey-Sack, Frontignac, Placentine, Madeira, Sherry-sack, a white wine not named, a dark wine not named, Arrack, Brandy, Gin, bottles containing Beer, a few bottles of Champagne.

On entering carefully into the condition of these specimens, it turned out, as might be supposed, that in very many cases the bottles were half empty and the corks destroyed. I have not as yet determined the full extent to which this destruction, from time, has taken place, but I believe that some sixty dozen may be considered in a state of preservation.

Some of the more ancient specimens

are well preserved. The Hock Magnums, which were noted as having been in the cellar before 1777, were found in their place, and some of them entire. One had given way at the cork, but the bottle still contained a full pint of a light fluid, which was of aromatic odour, but owing to exposure to the air, acidified.

From the curiosity of the experiment, my kind host, Sir Charles Trevelyan, wished to taste, at table, the more remarkable specimens of these old wines, and accordingly one bottle each of the ancient Cyprus of 1762, of the Port having date 1784, of the Port of 1820, of the Sherry-Sack of date unknown, of Madeira 1803, of Tokay 1752, and of Malmsey-Sack of date unknown, were tasted in due order. They were declared by the learned connoisseurs to be in the most splendid condition. The Cyprus was considered, by no less an authority than his Excellency the Greek Minister (and he surely ought to know all about Cyprus) to be "superb!" the Malmsey was held to be fit for a second Duke of Clarence to drown himself in; the Sherry-Sack was thought to be enough to call up Jack Falstaff *in propria persona*; and the Port was declared of such a character that every one, I believe, would have been ready to divide it with me on the spot if my heart had not been as hard as a nether millstone. A bottle, marked with a special leaden label as "Arrack," and packed with several more similar in kind, contained a singularly aromatic fluid, having something of the odour of brandy, and a rich golden colour. A little of it, tasted lately by one who thought he ought to know the right thing, gave rise to a new song on the Wallington wine, which would hardly have been permitted when Arrack crowned the board.

"Arrack, alack!  
Your bottle I crack,  
I let out its gold,  
Which never grows old,  
Though it lies in the cold  
For a century back.

Arrack, alack !  
 When your brother, the Sack,  
 To the banquet went up  
 With you, for the cup  
 Of them who could sup  
 Like the Giant of Jack,—

" Arrack, alack !  
 You reprobate quack !  
 What cheeks you set glowing,  
 What words you set going,  
 What blood you sent flowing,  
 What lives to the rack.

' Arrack, alack !  
 For you and your pack !  
 We, much wiser grown,  
 For us and our own,  
 Would leave you alone,  
 And ne'er want you back.  
 Arrack !

As I look over what I have just written, I begin to think that, for a teetotalter, I must have been getting rather too near the verge of enthusiasm over this ancient wine, and there is about it, no doubt, an antiquarian flavour which is apt to excite admiration. The admiration is quite pardonable, for in truth the value of the bequest is that which is wrapt up in its history.

The contents of the cellar at Wallington give us a good insight into the kind of life our forefathers led at the wine table from about the year 1750 to our time—full a century and a quarter of the immediate past. We have in the Wallington cellar the model of a cellar charged for the so-called best of occasions, when a man could get "as drunk as a lord" and a lord as drunk as he pleased on the most orthodox intoxicating delicacies. The cellar reads like a book, and corresponds well with the accounts which the best book written towards the close of last century gives respecting the wines of the table.

Just a hundred years ago the chemical works of Casper Neumann, the distinguished professor of chemistry at Berlin, were the standard of their day, and the English translation of them by Dr. William Lewis, F.R.S., had long a prominent and deservedly prominent place in the libraries of the learned. Neumann describes wine at great length,

and explains what were the kinds in use in his day, with sundry remarks on their qualities, which are worth knowing as matters of history. He places the wines of the Madeira Islands and of Palma, one of the Canaries, first. These yield two kinds, Madeira Sec and Canary or Palm Sec, the latter being the richest and best of the two. The name Sec, corruptly written Sack, signifies dry, these wines being made from half-dried grapes. There is, he says, another sort of Sec prepared about Xeres in Spain, and hence called, according to our orthography, Sherris or Sherry. This wine is considered inferior to both the foregoing, Madeira Sec and Palm Sec. The wines of Candia and of Greece, particularly of the latter, are of common use, he tells us, in Italy. Malmsey was formerly the produce of those parts only, but was now brought chiefly from Spain. It was a sweet wine of golden or brownish colour. The Italians call it "*manna alla bocca, e balsamo al cervello.*" Manna to the mouth, and balsam to the brain. In Portugal, he says, there was plenty of red port, a cheap but not a very excellent wine, and this wine he explains was drunk very largely in England, not I should suppose because of its cheapness, but because for some reason or other it suited the English palate, being sweet and having what is called "body." To the present day, I believe, notwithstanding all that lovers of wine choose to say against port wine, and all that we, its opponents, say against it, and notwithstanding all the acknowledged and easily proved evils originating in the use of port wine, there is no wine that the Englishman clings to like port. It is almost an infatuation, and it is none the less so because of the present idea of vulgarity which attaches to the act of drinking it. In the fight against strong drink in this country amongst the upper and upper middle classes, there is nothing so hard to combat as the hereditary taste for old port; I mean, of course, amongst those who have attained to middle age. Port is con-

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sidered to be a tonic; port is considered to be a maker of blood; port, which has produced more gout, rheumatism, and neuralgia than any other agent in the world perchance, and which has made these painful affections as hereditary as the taste for it, has over and over again been accredited as a remedy for all these ailments, and especially for neuralgia. The famous wine-cellar bequeathed to me affords good historical evidence of the inbred English taste for old port. The cellar was famous for this luxury, and it remained best supplied with it to the last.

Neumann seems to treat the sheries as of little moment, and this was clearly the view held respecting them at Wallington, for they form a very poor item in the wine list there. Sherry must have come into general use as a rival of port almost in the present century. It is remarkable that Neumann says nothing about Cyprus, and in a long list of wines of which he furnishes an analysis in order to show their spirituous strength, he leaves Cyprus out altogether. Hock he refers to as a Rhenish wine made in Hochheim, and he calls it the "prince of the wines of Germany." That it was thought to be a treasure in the Wallington cellar is proved by the special note that was made in respect to it. The Cyprus seems also to have been considered as of particular value, perhaps because of its rarity. Tokay is referred to by Neumann as a choice wine, and so it would seem to have been held here. The note that the specimen at Wallington was bought of Edward Wortley in 1752 is expressive, I think, of that view.

The lighter wines which were commonly used on the Continent were not represented in any degree in the collection. The Champagne that was present was comparatively modern, and its name did not appear in the old list. Frontignac was not on the list, but some specimens of it were found in the bins. The Clarets were, I believe, from the appearance of the

bottles, comparatively modern. Of Hermitage, Côte roté, St. Laurence, Lacote, Neuchatel, Velteline or straw wine; of the wines of the Tyrolese, Tramin, and Etsch; of the German wines, Mayne, Moselle, Neckar, and Elsass, there was no evidence. In like manner there were no samples of the sweet and luscious heavy wines which were in use on the Continent, such as Alicant, Vino Greco, Muscatel, Suren-tine, Salernitan, Chiarello, the "red fat sweet and gratefully poignant wine,"—as Neumann defines it, called Lachryma Christi,—or the celebrated hot strong red wine Monte Pulciano. Vino Tinto itself had no place.

From Neumann's analytical table we may gather an idea of the comparative strength of the wines in English use in the best class houses during the period of time which is now under our consideration. The Madeira contained about ten per cent of absolute spirit, the Frontignac about twelve per cent, the Sherry about nine per cent, the Tokay about nine per cent, the white wine about eight or nine per cent, and the Clarets about nine. The wines that would be richest and strongest would be the Malmsey, which would contain probably fifteen, or even sixteen, per cent of spirit, and the Port which would not be less strong. The Cyprus would be probably weaker, containing not more than ten per cent of spirit. The Cyprus, Port, Malmsey, and Madeira would all be very rich in saccharine substances.

There are two wines in the collection the history of which I cannot so easily trace as I can the rest. These are the Pruniac and White Port. The Pruniac seems to have been a very dark, extremely sweet, and thick wine, partaking rather of a liqueur than of a wine. It was bottled in small flat bottles, each one holding, say, at most, eight ounces. I should imagine that it was brought round at table somewhat in the same way as liqueurs are now. From the name, as well as from the character of the fluid, I think there can be no doubt that it



was obtained by the fermentation of prunes; but whether it was of English or foreign production I cannot say. It had the appearance of having been stored for a very long period, and the corks which closed the bottles were greatly decayed. The White Port, of which there was a small quantity, had the appearance of a milky-like fluid of vinous odour and slight acidity. Such port was, I believe, and still is, in favour as an extreme curiosity of unusual value. At one time the use of burning sulphur to fumigate wine for the purpose of preserving it was carried out, and by this means the wine was decolorised to some extent by the fumes of sulphurous acid which were produced. It has been suggested, if my memory is not treacherous, that white port was produced in this manner. Others have supposed that its colour, or rather its want of colour, was owing to the grape from which it was made.

Taking them as a whole, the samples of old wines in Wallington do not convey the impression that the wines themselves were unusually strong. They were probably natural wines, and free from the adulteration,—if that term be strictly applicable,—which has been so common in our time, of fortifying wines by the addition of brandy or spirit up to a high percentage of spirit, so as to make them partly approach, in strength, the actual spirits sold as brandy, whisky, and rum. The old wines therefore might be taken in much larger quantities than wines are now, without being productive of anything like the same intoxication. This, I venture to submit, accounts fairly for the circumstance, so often dwelt upon by those who like to make a factitious excuse for taking alcohol, that many of our forefathers of last century, and of the early part of the present century, were two, and even three, bottle-men, and yet managed to live to a fair old age, martyrs to gout notwithstanding. In these days even two bottle-men would go out like the

snuff of a candle, because, in point of fact, they would be taking twice the quantity of alcohol compared with the two bottle-men of the previous age. At the same time the large quantity of saccharine substance which our forefathers would take with their sweet wines would be provocative itself of gouty tendencies, and would greatly assist the alcohol in calling forth those tendencies in a pronounced form.

I have now, I trust, given a fair answer to the curious who wish to know all about this old store of wine for its antiquity's sake, and they, if they like to go into the calculation, will be better able, I dare say, than I am to estimate its commercial value—a value which probably rests as much on its history, even to lovers of wine, as on its particular and “superb” quality. For my own part I prefer to leave the question of value where I found it, inasmuch as those who should know most on the subject differ so egregiously, I can arrive at no conclusion the statement of which would prove satisfactory to anybody. More than that, the commercial side of the question does not much trouble me.

On some of the other questions I can be more explicit. Until the letter came announcing it, I had no knowledge whatever that any such bequest was in contemplation. I had not the honour of knowing Sir Walter Trevelyan until a very short time before his death. I had seen him once at a public meeting over which he presided, and after which he invited me, briefly and heartily, to visit him at Wallington. A short time after that he called one morning to see me at my house, for the purpose, as he said, of a conversation, and to invite me more formally to pay him a visit, when I could find some days of leisure. He gave me a short description of Wallington, but dwelt chiefly on matters social and political, asking me many questions bearing on social and sanitary reforms and how far men of science were interested in legislation. He seemed to consider that scientific

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learning led its professors too far away from the practical reforms which in this day are urgently needed and which should be determined from scientific data. He took up particularly a subject on which I had written, and which he said interested him deeply, namely, the relation of life and health to labour and occupation of various kinds. Nothing, he remarked, struck him more as a social question of the day, than the extreme difference in the effects of what at first sight would appear to be kindred occupations, on the life of the occupied, and he looked forward with hope to the good results of the education of the masses, as a means of reducing the physical evils which are due to what appears to be an obstinate and dogged resistance to those rules for health which men of science have, at so much trouble, worked out and established. Perhaps, he added, there was fault on the part of those who should teach as well as of those who had to be taught, and that the gap between these two classes was so wide, because the pride of science stood, as it were, rigidly apart from the prejudice of ignorance. He felt it was important, he added, that men from the ranks of science should go into Parliament, not necessarily as party men, but because from their special knowledge they might be able to speak, from the floor of the house, on special subjects with advantage and with an authority which does not now attach to them. He was good enough to say that he thought I ought myself to consider this point, and that if he were in my place he should not hesitate on the matter. He added, that if I ever came to that view, it would give him much pleasure to render me every assistance in his power, apart altogether from the question of personal political opinions and sympathies.

In one direction only did he appear to approach the subject of wine. He spoke with great pleasure of the sure and certain progress, in the future, of the cause of temperance throughout the world; and, alluding to a lecture

or address of mine, in which I had spoken of the produce of vineyards, he asked me if I thought a way had yet been indicated by which that produce, and the industry under which it is now utilised, could be applied, should the trade in wine and alcohol become, as he believed it would become, seriously imperiled. The question led us into the consideration of the composition of the juice of the grape and of the changes which take place in the act of fermentation. He inquired, further, on the subject of the use of alcohol in the arts, and particularly of its value as a medicinal agent, directly and indirectly; that is to say, its value as a medicine itself, and its value as an agent from which other medicinal substances, such as ether and chloroform, take their origin.

To the best of my ability I answered these questions in the short time at our disposal, and then my visitor left me with many expressions of good will, but without any reference to a bequest. "I hope you will excuse me for having interviewed you, and I hope you will come and spend a week at Wallington before long," was all that he further added on taking his leave. Unfortunately, although I received another invitation by letter, I was not able to return his visit, and I never saw him again, which I much regret, for a more interesting scholarly gentleman I have rarely seen. His mind seemed to be as young as if he had been a student of early life, and there was in his words an expression of hope for the steady advancement of all classes of men it was most cheering to hear. In fact a man so advanced in life,—he was then in his eightieth year,—and so full of expectation of results from the course of modern developments of thought and of action it had never before been my lot to see.

Since his death I have been told by those who knew him well, that Sir Walter was at all times equally happy in conversation, that he was always and at every opportunity a student, and, in

return, had at command a fund of useful information which he never obtruded on his listener, but which he was no less ready to supply. His library, one friend of his writes, contained one of the "largest and finest collections of books in the north of England. Its owner was completely master of it. As you sat and talked, and topic after topic came to the surface, Sir Walter would remark, 'I think I can show you something that will interest you on that,' and quietly he would bring you book after book, and pamphlet, magazine, or newspaper, as the case might be, with a mark at the place bearing on the subject of discussion."

To the last question that is so often asked of me:—What I shall do with my trust, I am as little able to answer as any one can be to answer for me. I am instructed to apply it for scientific purposes, and how to meet that necessity is the difficulty. The difficulty, moreover, is not in the least lessened by the multiplicity of suggestions that have been sent me as to method of disposal. I have been offered six, and even eight times the actual monetary value of the bequest on certain conditions of application which, to some minds, might seem quite right and honourable, but which to me do not partake of that character to the extent of leaving me conscience free to accept the offers. Sir Walter himself felt most of the difficulties that I feel. He did not like to destroy the wine because he held it to be of considerable value from its history, and from the curiosity all lovers and students of antiquities feel for the smallest specimens of the past which mark the history of the past. That feeling I share entirely. I do not think from what I have learned that he attached much value to the wine intrinsically, as many would who like wine for its own sake; and that feeling I share entirely. It certainly was never his wish or intention that the wine should be so applied as to exalt the praises of wine, and lead to the encouragement of wine-drinking, even for the sake of the

curious in drinking; and that feeling I also share.

It has been proposed to me in many humorous ways to dispose of the treasure. A late learned judge begged me to let her Majesty's judges give a solemn and decisive judgment on the merits of the choicer specimens. Another not less distinguished authority was of opinion that the Bench of Bishops would probably be a more competent tribunal. A great Statesman put in his natural claim for one specimen, at least, "of that old Port." Some of my brethren of the Fellows Board of the Royal College of Physicians have intimated that at a College dinner the College might possibly form a diagnosis that would be of value, and for which nothing in way of fee would be assessed. That admirable fraternity, of which I am a most undutiful member, the Grand Order of Freemasons have not let me pass without a word. Some of them have considered that, as,—

"Antiquity's pride  
Is all on their side,"—

no body of men could be more competent to deal with the problem, than they, and that they could discuss the wine over itself with a decision and precision that belongs to no other craft, when the laborious and crushing labours in which they are so often engaged subside into the tranquillity of repose and the physical restoration of exhausted energies. An enthusiastic and devoted disciple of temperance to the hilt would like to

"Point a moral and adorn a tale,"

by carrying the wine on a Thames steamer opposite to the two Houses of Parliament while those Houses are sitting, and discharging the whole cargo into the Thames, bottle by bottle, to the tuneful measure of a minute gun. The number of unfortunate widows and others disconsolate and afflicted, who have applied for one or two bottles of the old Port it would be difficult to name; in fact, long as I have practised the healing art, and

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teacher as I have been of therapeutical science itself, I had never until now learned to what a number of curative uses old Port can be applied in the treatment of disease. It might, if human evidence could be accepted as accumulative evidence derived from individual experience and backed by individual authority, be the lost, or never yet discovered, *Elixir Vitæ* itself.

Seriously, the disposal of this gift is a troublesome duty. Possibly Sir Walter thought that I could take the wine and, by a magic scientific spell, transform it into some agent or agents that might be useful to mankind and lead to no harmful result in return. Or, possibly, he might have supposed that a means would occur for enabling me to dispose of the wine for an entirely innocuous use, and apply the pro-

ceeds to some scientific research in which I might be usefully engaged. These two courses remain open for consideration, and if I could see my way to the last, I should be a happier or less burthened man.

Meanwhile I have removed the treasure from its old resting-place and have replaced it in a similar vault with all due ceremony and care, and with scarcely an accident during removal. By this method it is preserved intact, and the antiquaries who are curious about wine may rest in peace until some ingenious suggestion of a practical kind breaks the charm, by showing how one total abstainer can make use of wine which another total abstainer has left him, in trust, for the purposes of Science.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

## ENDOWED CHARITIES AND PAUPERISM.

CHARITY is a word of uncertain or at least of varying signification. The meaning differs according to the point of view of the different persons who use it. To the divine it represents the highest, the most comprehensive, and the most enduring Christian grace. In the mind of the philanthropist it is connected with the relief of any or all the forms of physical distress or destitution. The mendicant or needy recipient recognises it simply in the concrete, and identifies it with the bread, or coal, or blankets, or piece of current coin, which benevolence, official or spontaneous, delivers into his hand. The lawyer and the commissioner regard it from a professional standpoint, and define it by reference to the well-known statute 43 Eliz. c. 4.

Charity, so interpreted, is a many-sided thing, or to borrow the phrase of a Roman poet, *bellua multorum capitum*. Provision for education, relief of the poor, advancement in life, assistance in trade, redemption from captivity, settlement in marriage, reparation of roads and bridges, and many other analogous things, may be included in the term. The Charitable Trusts Act of 1853 further defines it in its legal sense, saying, that "The expression charity shall mean every endowed foundation and institution, taking or to take effect in England and Wales, and coming within the meaning, purview, or interpretation, of the Statute 43 Elizabeth, c. 4, or as to which, or the administration of the revenue or property whereof, the Court of Chancery has or may exercise jurisdiction." Charity so defined plays a very important part in the social economy of the country. The majority of us owe something to it. Whether we received our education at the

endowed elementary school, or the provincial grammar school, or by "the distant spires and antique towers" of Eton, or in any of the time-honoured colleges of Oxford or Cambridge, we have in a greater or less degree been the subjects of charity. It may happen that the road by which we travel, the bridge that spans the stream near which we live, is kept in repair by charity; that from a similar source the lecturer is maintained by whose discourses we are edified from the pulpit of our church or chapel. And as our law makes *charity* a much embracing term, so the influence of many streams of benevolence, real or affected, issuing forth through a long succession of years, has covered the land with an irrigating flood with respect to which opinions differ as to whether it makes the places on which it rests a fertile field or an unwholesome swamp.

The object of this paper includes a partial discussion of this question. It will not be foreign to this object to state briefly, for the information of some to whom the facts may be less familiar, the total amount of endowments subject to the Charitable Trusts Acts, the chief heads under which those endowments fall, and the amounts applicable under each head. The main authority for these details is the recently completed digest of endowed charities, the work of years, compiled in the office of the Charity Commission, in obedience to an order of Parliament, from materials derived from the reports of previous commissions, the reports of inspectors of charities, and other sources accessible to the Commissioners. From this digest it appears that the total yearly income of the charities dealt with is 2,198,463*l*. Of this aggregate sum 1,443,177*l*. is derived

from the rent of land and houses ; rent-charges produce 115,073*l.*, and the income of personal estate is 640,213*l.*

The collective area of the real estate is 524,311 acres, about equal to that of the county of Hereford, and the personalty and the rent-charges together would be represented by rather more than 24,000,000*l.* of consols.

The Charity Commissioners, in their twenty-fourth report, arrange these endowments under the following principal heads :—

1. Education ... ..	an income of £666,863
2. Clergy and Lecturers ... ..	90,843
3. Church purposes ... ..	112,895
4. Nonconformists ... ..	38,832
5. Parochial and other public uses ... ..	66,875
6. Medical Hospitals and Dispensaries ... ..	199,140
7. Apprenticing and advancement in life... ..	87,865
8. Almsfolk and Pensioners ... ..	552,119
9. Distribution among the poor... ..	383,029

An exhaustive inquiry into the bearing of endowed charities on pauperism would make it necessary to refer to all, or nearly all, these varieties of charitable endowments, for they all operate in a greater or less degree, for good or ill, to bring about the existing social and economical condition of the country. Educational endowments, for instance, have no *raison d'être* unless they conduce to the advancement of education, and education again is generally regarded as one of the most obvious and effective remedies against that ignorance, helplessness, thriftlessness, dulness, and animalism out of which pauperism is for the most part generated. As a matter of fact, in time past, educational endowments have in many cases not been so administered as to advance education, and thereby to reduce the amount and lessen the chances of pauperism. There is evidence enough in the report of the Schools' Inquiry Commission to show that, paradoxical as it may seem, the possession of a valuable endowment has been the

obstacle which has hindered many parishes from having an efficient and suitable school. And where this extent of evil has not prevailed, yet it has often been found that the educational results were far from being commensurate with the funds employed to produce them. But it would be out of place to enter further into this question on the present occasion, and it is the less necessary to do so because the state of things referred to is passing away. The Elementary Education and Endowed Schools' Acts, will, it may be assumed, place the education of the country on such a footing, and bring about such a reform in the administration of educational endowments, that, whatever force or virtue there is in education to abate pauperism, and to foster the social conditions most adverse to it, will hereafter be permitted to operate under the most favourable circumstances.

The charities then with which we are now chiefly concerned as being more directly related to the question of pauperism, are those which have a distinctively eleemosynary character, and are applicable to the material sustentation and comfort of the poor.

Passing over medical hospitals and dispensaries, which, though quite capable of being abused, and not altogether free from abuses, are amongst the noblest and most beneficent institutions in the country, productive of a good that far outweighs any accidental evil that may attend upon it—we may concentrate our attention for present purposes on the last three varieties of charities in the list previously given. These are :

- I. Apprenticeship and advancement in life,
- II. Almsfolk and pensioners,
- III. Distributions in money or kind.

Now of all these it may safely be said that their professed object—putting it on the lowest ground—is to prevent pauperism, to rescue individuals from the danger of falling into the pauper class, to relieve the poverty

resulting from age, infirmity, or adverse circumstances. If they are not found to be doing this in any adequate measure, or if in any cases they are found to be doing exactly the opposite, and increasing the evils they were intended to diminish, then it is hard to see how their existence in its present form can be justified, or how, in view of the axiom, *Salus populi suprema lex*, they can much longer insist on immunity from a "sweeping reform."

As to apprenticeship charities, a few words will suffice. They have no doubt been useful in the past. By means of them many persons have been lifted out of the class of paupers, have "learnt to labour truly and get their own living," have been substantially advanced in life, and sometimes raised to a position of competence or wealth. The most prevalent opinion however now is, that apprenticeship charities, as at present constituted, are obsolete, and that the trusts under which they are administered are adapted to a state of things which has passed away.

It is fair to say that there are some persons, not without experience or knowledge of the subject, who take an opposite view; but the drift of intelligent and informed opinion is in the direction first stated, and the fact that in many cases the funds of these charities have greatly accumulated in the hands of trustees, seems to indicate a difficulty in carrying out the trusts, or in finding fit objects for their application. But even if apprenticeship charities are practically dead in the letter, they may still be made to live in the spirit. All they need is adaptation to the change of times. Then they may at once benefit the class for whom they were designed, and improve the national industries. A great deal is said about the need of technical education. Here are funds of a partially educational character, which, without any real violence to founders' intentions, might be employed to promote it. There is a fear that the spread of education among the masses will tend unduly to increase the supply

of candidates seeking employment as clerks and writers in mercantile houses, or in the offices of professional or business men. Such a reform of apprenticeship charities might be effected as would counteract this tendency, by providing opportunities and encouragements for youths from public elementary schools to become skilled artisans, or to acquire such practical knowledge as would qualify them to assist in, and sometimes to improve the processes of arts, mining, and manufactures.

We pass now to charities for almsfolk and pensioners. These are numerous in most parts of the country. It has been stated they have an income of 552,119*l.* a year. They commend themselves greatly to popular sympathies. Assuming that they are reserved for those who are at once aged, destitute, and deserving, it would seem difficult to speak of them otherwise than as beneficial institutions. They offer to the poor who are within reach of them an alternative preferable to the necessarily frigid and unsympathising hospitality of the workhouse. The almsman in his assigned and proper cell, with his weekly allowance, has a sense of independence and proprietorship which gives to his life a warmth of colour unknown to that of his pauper neighbours and acquaintances.

But after all it is to be feared that many of the favourable prepossessions with respect to almshouses must yield to the uncompromising "logic of facts." There is a sort of secular monasticism about the system which is not conducive to good moral tone.

The residents in those picturesque groups of buildings with which we are all familiar, are often by no means models of contentment, thankfulness, and virtue. Experience acquired in the inspection or administration of these institutions has led many to advocate the abolition of residence, and the conversion of almsfolk into outpensioners. A reform of this kind with a proper discretion in the awarding of the pensions would probably do

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much to increase the beneficent character of such foundations.

Meantime, what is their bearing on pauperism? It would seem obvious that they must at all events tend to reduce the amount of the poor-rate. The men and women who are maintained in almshouses would—if the almshouses were not there—in many, if not in most cases, have to be maintained out of the rates.

But even if the poor-rate in the aggregate is thus relieved, it does not necessarily follow that it is proportionally relieved, where relief might most be expected, in those places, namely, where almshouses exist.

The truth of this view may be illustrated by an extract from the report of a committee appointed to inquire into the charities of the Brixworth Union in Northamptonshire.

This report speaks of almshouses as, "in truth, nothing more nor less than foundations for the reception and accommodation of paupers; and, as such, appear to afford unusual opportunity for the personal localisation of out-door paupers in the union."

Important light is thrown on this question by a report on Sir John Port's Hospital at Etwall, in Derbyshire, made some years ago by the late Mr. Martin, then Inspector of Charities, and afterwards a Charity Commissioner.

"The hospital," says Mr. Martin, "supplies the place of the union. During thirty years only eleven decayed old men have died in Etwall proper without having been admitted into the hospital."

Surely then we might expect to find that in Etwall the poor-rate was substantially relieved.

But what is the fact as stated by Mr. Martin? And it must be remembered that his observations refer to the state of things before the days of union rating.

The population of Etwall was 626, and the poor-rate amounted to 4½*d.* in the pound. The average rate in certain surrounding parishes was 5½*d.* Thus it appears that though sixteen

men and eight women, presumably of the pauper class, were taken off the rates by the hospital, the amount levied for the relief of the poor was within a penny in the pound of the average of the district. The explanation of this may perhaps be found in the following statement, taken from a pamphlet printed in Derby in 1824:—

"The establishment which Sir John Port intended for the relief of his native village had been the means of drawing to that village the poor of all the neighbourhood and of retaining its own in the hope of this provision for their age."

It remains to deal with the third variety of charity on our list, that which consists of doles to the poor either in kind or money. And it is on this variety that the question as to the merits and demerits of charitable endowments in relation to pauperism mainly centres. This part of the subject, therefore, calls for more lengthened and elaborate treatment. It has been mentioned that a sum of 383,029*l.* is year by year thus distributed amongst the people of this country. It is given in the form of articles of food or clothing, or in small money payments.

The administration is for the most part in the hands of local trustees, generally self-elective, but sometimes including the parish officers. These select the objects on whom the benefits are to be conferred, and exercise such discretion in the disposal of them as the particular trusts allow.

These charities are very widely diffused. There are some parishes—*fortunati nimium sua si bona norint*—which are without them, but the majority possess a greater or less amount.

Now it cannot be denied that there is a very general consensus of opinion as to the useless or even mischievous character of these charities. The eminent Dr. Chalmers, writing more than half a century ago, said—

"There must be a mockery in the magnificence of those public charities which have not to all appearance bettered the circumstances or advanced

the comforts of the people among whom they are instituted beyond those of a people where they are utterly unknown."

He further speaks of public charities as "an adhesive nucleus round which the poor accumulate and settle, misled by vague hopes of benefit from the charities, which they fail to confer."

He adds that they "cause a relaxation of the relative duties of parents, children, and relations."

The following expression of opinion is taken from the report of a Poor Law Commission of 1834 :—

"In some cases these (charitable foundations) have a quality of evil peculiar to themselves. The majority of them are distributed among the poor inhabitants of particular parishes and towns. The places intended to be favoured by large charities attract, therefore, an undue proportion of the poorer classes, who, in the hope of a trifling benefit to be attained without labour, often linger on in spots most unfavourable to the exercise of their industry. Poverty is thus not only collected, but created in the very neighbourhood where the benevolent founders have manifestly expected to make it disappear."

Mr. Erle, for many years chief Charity Commissioner, stated before the Duke of Newcastle's commission, as the result of his long official experience, that, in his opinion, "small pecuniary distributions in towns were positively injurious."

Mr. Cumin, in his report on endowed charities made to the same commission, has the following observations :—

"It is a striking fact that they (doles) do not diminish indigence. Applicants multiply as the charities increase. At Draycott, in Somersetshire, I have myself seen a small village created, in fact, by a charity."

Abundant additional testimony to the same effect might be adduced did time and space permit.

But indeed these conclusions might almost be arrived at from *à priori*

considerations. These distributions are of very small amounts—quite insufficient appreciably to aid those in really necessitous circumstances. Like Christmas, they come but once a year. They are apportioned amongst as many persons as possible to avoid invidious distinctions and to minimise discontent and grumbling. Yet numerous as are the recipients, the applicants are many-fold more so, with the proverbial result of making in each case for one person who is ungrateful half-a-dozen who are dissatisfied.

The selection of objects is made by trustees, who, by the process of self-election, have for long years, as it were, "bred in and in," and so have come to be very much like one another, very much of the same way of thinking, with similar political, religious, and social views. Hence the difficulty of exercising a sound discrimination; the temptation to use the charity, almost unconsciously and without a suspicion of *mala fides*, as a means of patronage, with a view to popularity and personal influence, or even for political or sectarian ends.

Inferences thus drawn from the nature of the case will be conclusively established by the diagnosis of particular charities.

There is a charity at Canterbury, known as Lovejoy's, reported on by Mr. Martin. A sum of about 250*l.* is distributed yearly amongst 500 persons, subject to the condition that the same persons shall not receive it for two consecutive years, and that no persons in receipt of poor-law relief shall participate.

Out of these 500 persons in a particular year Mr. Martin discovered that 145 were improper objects.

Of these 145 persons, 4 were brothel-keepers, 18 were confirmed drunkards, 36 were regular, and 18 occasional paupers, and 57 were not needy.

As to 132 of the remaining 355, no information was forthcoming; the rest were presumably fit objects.

There are rich charities at Fulborne in Cambridgeshire. These also were

inspected by Mr. Martin with very instructive results.

There are two parishes in Fulborne, to one of which (All Saints) most of the charities belong; while the other (St. Vigors) is less liberally endowed. When cottages fell down in St. Vigors they were not rebuilt; all new cottages were erected within the confines of All Saints. One of these All Saints' charities is known as the Bread and Sixpence Charity. In the course of the year, 6,289 loaves are given away, and, Mr. Martin says, "with few exceptions, the whole labouring population receive." Another All Saints' charity is a money dole, distributed on a graduated scale according to the number in a family.

A single woman gets 3s., but if she has an illegitimate child she is excluded from receiving for one year, and in subsequent years receives only 2s. 6d. But this slight expression of virtuous indignation is compensated for by the fact that for every child of which she has the misfortune to become the mother, she receives an additional shilling. Hereupon Mr. Martin makes an arithmetical calculation. The woman who has three illegitimate children gets 2s. 6d. for herself and 1s. for each of her offspring—total, 5s. 6d. A virtuous girl gets 3s. Balance in favour of immorality 2s. 6d.

At Easthampsted, in the county of Berks, loaves of bread to the amount in value of 1l. 4s. weekly are distributed to those who attend church. All married labourers in the parish get this dole, and as one member of a family can receive for all the members, the attendance at church of one only for each household is necessary. The effect, as a curate of the parish said, is that "one person does the religion of the family."

In the city of Worcester a sum of more than 300l. is given away in doles of 2s. each. On a certain occasion one of the distributors obtained from London a number of new florins for the purpose of distribution. On the day after the dispensation of the charity

he sent round to the various public-houses in the city and got his florins back, to be ready for the following year. Here is tolerably conclusive evidence of "the way the money goes" in the working of these benevolent foundations. Speaking of this and other dole charities, Mr. Bryce, in his report to the Schools Inquiry Commission, says—

"I can scarcely remember a single instance in which any one who was asked what was his experience of their working, did not answer that they demoralised those who received them, were a vexation to those who distributed them, and created more want than they relieved."

The city of Lichfield enjoys some notoriety in connection with its charitable endowments. About 1,000l. a year are distributed in doles, and though the rule, that none in receipt of relief can participate, has the effect apparently of keeping down the poor-rate, yet the charities themselves are said to fill the city with large numbers of the pauper class. Mr. Hare reports that "by the testimony of the most intelligent inhabitants, the charities produce a vast amount of beggary, idleness, lying, and profligacy, and destroy the feelings of self-respect and independence; and they are great instruments of demoralisation in Lichfield."

Let us glance at another cathedral city. Mr. Hare shall state the result of his inquiries at Salisbury:—"Notwithstanding all the charities, the great mass of the poor in Salisbury are not in a better condition, either physically or morally, than in other places where the endowed charities, if any such exist, are insignificant in amount. As far as I can ascertain, there are few places in England in which the sum raised by rate for the relief of the poor has commonly been, or is higher, in proportion to the population, than in Salisbury. . . . The expenditure for the relief of the poor for the last twenty years has fluctuated from 4,400l. to 6,400l. a year, or from about

10s. to 14s. a head on the whole number of the inhabitants, besides the fund afforded by the charities, which would make the sum per head 3s. to 4s. higher."

There is testimony to the same effect with reference to the town of Shrewsbury, where there are extensive and important charities.

A vestry clerk of one of the parishes of that town, officially concerned, and therefore presumably conversant with the subject, stated "that the effect of the gifts was to increase pauperism; that the sturdy and importunate get the most. Rejected candidates constantly came to the Board of Guardians, saying, that persons who did not want, had had charity; and that, if they were refused, *they would have it out of the parish.* At the time of the distribution of the charities, the applications for casual relief were doubled in consequence of these refusals." Descriptions have been furnished of the very lively and animated character of the proceedings incident to the actual distributions of the doles or gifts. Robinson's Bread Dole at Isleworth was at one time entitled to eminent distinction in this respect. Five hundred loaves of bread were given away at the grave of the founder of the Charity. This arrangement brought together a great mixed multitude who filled the churchyard and swarmed into the church, climbing over pews, trampling over graves, clustering on tombs and monuments, scrambling, shouting, expostulating, hustling, fighting. The thing became at last too strong even for the nerves of trustees, and so a change was made whereby the main part of the distribution was to be done by tickets; a hundred loaves only being reserved for distribution at the grave, so that the ghost of the pious founder might not be vexed by too violent a disregard of his testamentary direction.

Most people have heard of the charity of Henry Smith. If the current opinion as to dole charities be sound, this one is a great offender. It

is very widely extended. Every parish in Surrey is believed to participate in it. A sum of about 5,580*l.* is distributed yearly amongst 23,000 persons in amounts of 4*s.* 10*d.* each. At Hartlepool, in the county of Durham, 200*l.* go yearly in doles, with what advantage we may judge from the testimony of a hospital surgeon in the place. "It is my opinion (he says) that the funds distributed by Smith's charity trustees only tend to increase the number of paupers in this neighbourhood, and I believe it is generally known here that the pawnshops receive a great portion of the articles thus distributed."

When it is desired to adduce a sovereign instance of the mischief that a charitable endowment can do, the case of Jarvis's Charity is commonly cited—and not unreasonably. This charity was bequeathed by the founder at the close of the last century, not so much, it is to be feared, from motives of philanthropy, as because he wished to do a shrewd turn to his own descendants, with whom for some reason he was offended. The beneficiaries are the inhabitants of three villages in Herefordshire, with a collective population of about 1,280 persons. The endowment was little short of 100,000*l.* in the 3 per cents, and the trusts were for the better support and maintenance of the poor inhabitants, by gifts of money, physic, provision, clothes, &c. Surely these three Arcadian parishes of Letton, Bredwardin, and Staunton-on-Wye were exceptionally blest in having fortune descend on them in a shower of gold. It might be thought that with such appliances for their well-being, ignorance, poverty, disease, and all attendant ills, would be banished from their confines.

But listen to the sober and piteous truth. It shall be related in the words of an inspector of charities, who has recently made a report on the case.

"No sooner was the charity established than the poor flocked in from all directions, and of the most worthless class, even thieves and prostitutes.

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Illegitimate children too very soon increased in number. There was a block of three small cottages that housed no less than fifty-seven people. Most of the cottagers took lodgers. The rent of a small cottage rose from 3*l.*, to 5*l.* and 6*l.* a year."

Surely the fate of these villages was like that of the unhappy gentleman who was said to have been ruined by having a fortune left to him.

Jarvis's Charity has been dealt with by an Act of Parliament, and a Chancery scheme, with the effect of somewhat mitigating the nuisance; but even now there is urgent need of reform, and the problem is still unsolved how to use the funds without pauperising and demoralising the recipients.

And now what conclusion must be drawn from the opinions that have been quoted, and the examples that have been brought forward?

Is it possible to contend that the charities we have been more particularly considering, contribute in any appreciable degree to the social or moral elevation of the people? or that, except in the most casual and imperfect way, they increase their physical comfort and well-being? But must we not go much further, and say that while their benefits are for the most part illusory, their operation is often mischievous, eating like a canker into the spirit of thrift, manliness, independence and self-respect?

Practically then that which should be for the nation's wealth becomes to it an occasion of falling.

And yet these ample endowments—equal to the revenue of a petty principality—might surely be turned to good account: might, while relieving want and succouring misfortune, do something to diffuse amongst the masses more provident habits and a higher appreciation of the conveniences and proprieties of life.

But if this end is to be obtained, charitable foundations must undergo very extensive changes both as to their objects and administration. So long as they remain in their present

state their trusts must be observed, whatever be the character of them.

It was distinctly laid down by Lord Eldon in reference to Jarvis's Charity, that "if the legislature thinks proper to give the power of leaving property to charitable purposes, recognised by the law as such, however prejudicial, the court must administer it."

To any adequate and effective reform therefore of useless or mischievous charities, the action of the legislature is necessary.

And this action should mainly have reference:

- I. To some change of administration,
- II. To some modification of the trusts.

I. The machinery and method of administration needs some change. As has been already pointed out, the present constitution of most governing bodies of charities is defective. Owing to the general prevalence of the principle of self-election it is too close and exclusive.

It would seem as if the notion of a sort of proprietorship, of vested interests in administration, had got possession of the minds of trustees. They tend to make void the higher law of trusteeship by their traditions. What is needed is a freer circulation of public opinion through their ranks. To this end there should be infused into their constitution a portion of the representative element. The authorities on whom rests the chief responsibility for the well ordering of a parish or municipality may properly have some voice and influence in the administration of charities which confessedly more or less affect the common weal.

The discretion allowed in the selection of objects to be aided by the charities should be controlled by proper safe-guards. No small part of the evil of doles lies in their distribution in small amounts amongst large numbers of persons. Hence the difficulty of discrimination, on the one hand, the probability that the money will be put to an ill use, on the



other, that however it is distributed it will be misapplied.

"I take it," says Mr. Longley (now a charity commissioner, formerly a poor law inspector) in his report on the poor law in London, "I take it to be the aim of the English poor law to combine the maximum of efficiency in the relief of destitute applicants with the minimum of incentive to improvidence." Surely the least that should be insisted on is that this thoroughly sound principle should equally be recognised in the administration of charities having similar ends in view.

But besides this the administrators of such charities are not only entitled, but morally bound, "to draw those distinctions between the merits of applicants for relief of which poor law administrators cannot properly take notice except on the secondary question of the form in which relief shall be given." (Longley.)

Again, in the administration of these so-called charities, it is desirable that all notions of *charity*, in the popular sense of the word, should be got rid of. Trustees are not to be regarded or to regard themselves as benevolent persons dispensing free gifts under the impulse of a spontaneous philanthropy. They are or should be administrators of legal provisions under the "dry light of reason, justice and sober judgment."

"In proportion," says Bishop Coplestone, "as these institutions (*i.e.* charitable institutions) assume a settled, an organised, and a permanent character, in the same degree precisely, does the administration of them become more a matter of policy than of humanity . . . . The due fulfilment of the office of administrator of such funds is found to involve a continual suppression, not an indulgence, of the feelings of humanity. Once more, it seems obvious that if, side by side with a complete legal provision for the relief of destitution, charitable foundations applicable to the same object are to be allowed to exist, the two sorts of machinery must not be

worked without reference to each other. They should be worked in concert, and as Mr. Longley says, "a joint course of action . . . cannot take place unless a system, not only of co-operation, but of interchange of information between the guardians and the administrators of charity be first established."

But it is not enough that these charitable foundations, however judiciously administered, should merely supplement the operation of the poor law, simply relieving distress and destitution as that does, though with more regard to circumstances, character, and personal desert. We are entitled to expect that they shall, if possible, be made instruments of a higher good. It has been said that the necessary effect of a poor law itself is to some extent at least to foster pauperism. And on the other hand it should, if possible, be the function of charitable endowments to discourage and diminish it. It should at least be ascertained whether they could not somehow be made to elevate the classes most concerned with them, to operate as encouragements to industry and sobriety, incentives to economy and foresight. This will be impossible as long as the existing modes of applying them are maintained.

II. Hence the need of some modification of existing trusts—such as Parliament alone can effect.

But any suggestion to modify charitable trusts is sure to be met by a protest against disregard of the founder's intentions, violation of the founder's will.

Now there are degrees of founder-worship, ranging from sober and rational devotion to ignorant and debasing superstition. If there are any—and some we have reason to think there are—who insist that the will of the founder must be respected and his directions obeyed in every particular, whether in our modern wisdom we think them helpful or hurtful, suited or unsuited to the



times, with such persons it is useless to argue; as Chaucer says, "What needeth wordes mo?"

But such is not the view of many, who, nevertheless, recognise some sacredness in trusts, and are far from desiring to lay a rude hand on charitable endowments.

These more sober thinkers recognise a difference between what has been called the "main design" of the founder, and the rules and directions which from the point of view of his own time and surroundings he laid down for giving effect to that design. It is the former that is essential and to be preserved, the latter are accidental and may properly give way in deference to new social conditions and requirements. And after all it may possibly be the case that much of the prevalent feeling against disregard of founders' wills is really an apprehension that the rights of those for whom the charity was designed—their interest in, and quasi-proprietorship of, the foundation—should be endangered.

In any dealing with charities this

apprehension should be respected and propitiated. Whatever reforms are made in charitable endowments, the rights of the living—the well-established claims of localities and classes—should be upheld.

Subject however to these conditions and limitations it would seem that apart from all other considerations the legislature is not only justified as the guardian of such property, in applying, but is bound to apply, these endowments in the way most conducive to the interest, most likely to advance the material and moral well-being of those entitled to participate in them.

The length to which this paper has already extended makes it impossible to suggest or discuss any new and better modes of application, assuming that the writer were prepared to do this. When the conviction that reform is necessary has become sufficiently strong and sufficiently widespread, there will not be wanting such contributions to the bringing in of a better dispensation.

H. G. ROBINSON.

### "DUSTYARDS."

"*Omnia co-operantur in bonum*," said my 'friend, in answer to a deep groan drawn from me by the suggested possibility of a railroad over Hind Head: "Yes, even as to railways, *omnia co-operantur in bonum* is true. Depend upon it, the good which the world has realised through their introduction far outweighs certain attendant losses, and even evils. Do you know that now botanists should search for some of the rarest floral treasures on railway banks? that, while it is true that railways have brought thousands of depredators to every part of the kingdom, almost to the extinction of the choicest ferns and flowers, it is also true that the steep railway banks have opened their arms as a refuge to the seed dropped by birds or blown by the wind?—and this may serve as a simple illustration of the way in which life springs even from death."

My friend was right: if railways have broken up many old and beautiful traditions, and even shaken the force of individual and local attachments, they are also bringing men of all degrees, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, to realise that the world is one home and mankind one family; that the interest of one is the interest of all. For have they not brought men together face to face from all parts, and thereby served to lessen that ignorance of the circumstances and conditions of the lives of others which is at the root of so much apparent selfishness and indifference? But my object to-day is to tell you of the work done by a special line of railway, and, if I can, to draw you into sympathy with lives very different from your own.

Have you ever travelled by the South-Western Railway from Waterloo Station? and, if you have, did you notice close below you on your left,

after leaving Vauxhall, two large dustyards lying on the south side of the Thames? Very dreary they are, and the workers within fill one with pity for them in their filthy drudgery, seeming trodden down and hardly human. It is something like passing over a grave when one whirls by those dustyards. One feels as if all light, purity, and brightness were shut off from them, and from those who toil there. Some such thoughts had often filled the heart of a traveller by that line with a pity that was not content to merely pity, but which could not rest until it had, through many difficulties and drawbacks, brought at least the dawn of light to those dark lives, and, as it were, brought them into relationship with worlds brighter and more blessed than their own.

Before I speak of the work which has been attempted, I must give you the bearings of the workshop.

The dust-carts from the parishes of St. James and St. Martin, Charing Cross, bring their loads to one yard; and from St. John and St. Margaret, Knightsbridge, to the other. There the refuse is thrown up by men to the women above, kneeling on the cinder mounds; who, with leathern pads above their leathern aprons (against which they strike their sieves), divide the sifted refuse between three baskets—in one they place the broken glass and crockery, and rough bits of all kinds of material, which goes by the name of "Hard Cove," and which is emptied by boys upon a large heap at one end of the yard, eventually to be carried away in barges for road and foundation making; into the second basket the vegetable matter is thrown for manure; and into the third, the large cinders, which are the sifters' perquisite, who generally sell them in the neighbourhood. The fine sifted dust from the

cinders is called "Breeze," and is very valuable for greenhouses and gardens, and also for making bricks. In each yard a forewoman is placed by the contractors to see that the women sift steadily from seven until five, resting for their dinner-hour from twelve to one. They work all weathers, but during the winter, or in rain, under sheds provided for them. Their pay is a shilling a day. They form a confraternity among themselves, and are very rough in their ways. One day a lady saw a man, who had been carrying away some rubbish in the yard, rush at a woman (for some provocation), seize her by the throat, and almost strangle her. I mention this as a very characteristic incident of dustyard life.

In December, 1878, a scheme was set on foot for the purpose of reaching these cinder-sifters by means of a mission woman from the Parochial Mission Woman's Association, working under a Lady Superintendent; and admirably has it been carried out. By visiting them in their homes, and talking with them at their work, Mrs. Patent, the mission woman, has gradually won her way through some serious opposition, besides a great deal of rough chaff in the yards. And she has even persuaded several of the women to deposit money with her for clothing. At first only three or four responded to her invitations to the Monday tea-gatherings in the mission-room, and they were violently attacked by their fellows for doing so; cups and saucers flew about, and the disturbance, with the kind assistance of some street-boys, became so serious that the Lady Superintendent was obliged, very unwillingly, to accept the attendance of a policeman, until gradually the riots ceased, and he was no longer needed for his Monday duty.

One of the women who had most persistently rebuffed all Mrs. Patent's invitations was so conquered by her nursing in a long illness, that she now comes every Monday to the meeting from the Wandsworth dustyards, to which she has moved. The meeting

begins at four with reading aloud a story-book; after which they have tea, and this is laid out very carefully and neatly, to teach them the beauty of order. Tea over, a short address is given, lasting about ten minutes, a few hymns are sung, and the meeting is closed; but the room is open until eight or nine in the evening, and any who care to go there are welcomed by the Lady Superintendent, as well as by the mission woman. Many of the guests belong to the most degraded class of women; sometimes they reel in quite drunk, and seek a refuge with Mrs. Patent, whose unflinching kindness and patience has not been unrewarded. Slowly but surely they are beginning to appreciate its value, and also that of the mission-room, as a place where they may warm their food and find a shelter. There is a wise old saying that a man must winter and summer his friend if he would know him; and so, having introduced you to the ladies of the Vauxhall Dustyard at their work, shall I tell you about our day in the country with them this July?

A Lady Manager of the Parochial Mission Woman's Association planned it, hoping to win some of the wildest who had hitherto kept aloof from the Mothers' Meetings. Twenty-five dustyarders came, and twenty-four other members of the meeting, all out-door workers, but a grade higher than my special friends, who indignantly repudiate the title of cinder-sifters, but speak of themselves and of one another as "a lady from the dustyard." They were certainly the lowest and most depraved women I had ever been with; there was something in their voices, laughter, manners, and words very loud and coarse; and their costumes were most original. Only two or three wore whole gowns; the greater number appeared in skirts of varying degrees of dirt and gaudiness, and bodies which, being pinned together, supplied each other's deficiencies. Thus the undermost body (generally a cotton that had once been white) might fasten comfortably at the waist, but refuse to do so farther

up; there body No. 2, perhaps a dingy red, stepped in, and it again failing at the neck, the top body, No. 3, something of the woollen description, settled the difficulty. But the *pièce de résistance* in each costume was the bonnet. Some were worn perpendicularly by the help of huge combs in the back hair! and others descended like landslips on to the neck, showing off the fringe and head top arrangements to admirable advantage. Since, I have learnt that they were hired for the day; and indeed they and their wearers did not seem quite at home with each other, and the instant we arrived at our destination they slipped off their bonnets, and only put them on again to go away.

We had all met at Cannon Street, and the women were as wild and excited as children; many had never left London, and two or three had never left their dustyard and court.

Those who were travellers assumed an air of great importance, and were deferred to quite deferentially by the others; but only a few had been so fortunate, and they owed their experience to hopping. On our arrival at Addiscombe, "flies" were secured for the women with babies, and for two who were lame, as we had a mile to walk. This division at first caused some difficulty; everybody wished to "ride," and a baby did not seem to be considered a fair qualification! At last we started; the two "flies" well laden (five women and babies inside, and two or three on the box!) and the walkers following. The procession moved on, but one lady remained rooted to the earth, with a face black as thunder, growling and muttering in a most unpromising way.

"What is the matter?" asked our mistress of the ceremonies.

"O! never you mind, it's only one of Mrs. O'Mally's tantrums," was the consoling answer.

"Yes," said another lady, "just like her! I knew she'd misbehave herself."

What was to be done? the dustyard ladies evidently considered it a *cause*

*perdu* and calmly walked on, leaving Mrs. O'Mally standing like a naughty child in a corner with her finger literally, not figuratively, in her mouth! I could not leave her, and turning back I went up to her, and said—

"Will you not come on? we shall be left quite behind."

Grunt.

"I am afraid we shall lose our way, for I am a stranger in these parts; were you ever here before?"

Grunt (No. 2). "No!"

"Then don't you think we had better go on? Is anything the matter?"

Grunt (No. 3). "Thought I was asked to a party of pleasure; didn't know I was coming to a funeral!"

"I am sorry, but I do not quite understand you," I answered, feeling rather bewildered.

"There go the carriages, and we're to follow, two and two!"

Oho! thought I, the walking is the grievance then.

"Well, you see," I answered, "there are only two 'flies' to be had, and you and I have no babies."

"Bain't married be you?"

"No, I am not," I answered laughing.

"Thought not—too young!"

"Not at all too young, but still I am not; and now won't you come on with me?"

"No! don't see why them with babies should ride. I'd have brought one, if I'd known."

"Well, I think you and I shall have the best of it when we get to Lady Mackenzie. I don't think carrying about a baby all day is worth the drive there. Have you any friends here, for I am a stranger, and the only lady I know has gone on in front; so will you keep company with me? I feel quite lonesome, and I have never been here before."

Grunt (a gracious grunt this time). "Don't mind if I do."

And at last off we started; all the ladies, excepting two and Mrs. Patent being far ahead. We talked about the weather and the crops and the trees,

and at last Mrs. O'Mally turned upon me with a most benignant grin, and said—

"Well! I was in one of my tantrums, and you've coaxed me out. I never knows how I gets into them or how I gets out of them; and that's the worst, to get out of them."

"Yes," I answered, "it is very hard I am sure."

"Well, now, and what do you do, my dear, in your tantrums?"

It was with difficulty that I controlled my mouth, for she evidently thought that my sympathy was the fruit of exactly similar experience; however I answered her as gravely as possible.

"It is no good trying to get out by oneself, I think. I always ask God to give me His Holy Spirit to help me, and He does."

"Well, now, do you, my dear? I'll try," with another and broader grin.

We were nearing Lady Mackenzie's house, and the first and only drops of rain that day, began to fall, and I, trembling for the glory of my friend's bonnet offered her my umbrella, saying, "I am afraid the rain will spoil your bonnet."

She looked concerned, but refused it, because she thought that mine would suffer.

"Thank you, but mine does not matter, it is not new."

"Shouldn't think so!" and she took my umbrella and kept it with entire peace of mind. But oh! if I could only convey to you some idea of the tone of utter, lofty, appraising contempt; and the look was even more searching and condemning than the tone. Indeed it was natural; for there could be no comparison between a bonnet of voyant blue satin, wreathed in roses, bespangled with pearls, overshadowed by an ostrich feather, and finally given "quite a look" by a bunch of tiny brass keys over one eye, and a mother o' pearl shell over the other, and my poor black straw with actually no feathers and not even a flower! But

I blessed those drops of rain, for they proved true to their proverbial virtue, and Mrs. O'Mally's love under my green umbrella developed rapidly, and soon we were walking arm in arm; which privilege I thoroughly appreciated, when Mrs. O'Mally stretched out the hand which was through my arm, saying, "Black, ain't it!" I could not deny it, her hand was very black.

"I never cleans it, never; wouldn't be any use if I tried ever so, so I never does." Truly, a comfortable dispensation from all ablutionary duties!

And now two other ladies had joined us, and one having said something about "a real lady" (I did not overhear more than these words, but my friend, like all the party, was very quick in overhearing everything that was said), Mrs. O'Mally broke in with, "And so you have a real lady with you, I'll be bound! What's your name, my dear?"

I answered, feeling instinctively that the *Miss* would fall very flat! They had all been talking about *Lady* Mackenzie, and looked upon us as another order of beings to themselves.

"Well," said Mrs. O'Mally, in a tone of kindly consideration, but many degrees lower than before, "and a kind of a lady, I dare say, for all that."

"Yes," quickly added another woman, "it ain't only titles and riches as makes the lady, it's manners too. I'll be bound you're a kind of lady."

"Thank you, I hope I am; and is not it nice that you and I can be ladies, even if we have not titles, if we are gentle and kind to others, and keep ourselves respectable?"

"That's it, that's it, depend upon it, my dear," they all murmured in chorus; and so with our courtesy rank we entered the gates, as smiling and contented as a king is supposed to be! but imagine my feelings when my group of ladies informed me that they were "very dry," and wanted to "liquor up!" "and," quoth Mrs. O'Mally, "has her ladyship any public near?"

I told them I was very sorry, that

there was none, and that we must wait a little while until dinner was ready. I did not tell them that dinner would only bring lemonade!

We sauntered about, admired "her ladyship's extensive domains and spacious mansion," and gazed at the distant view of the Crystal Palace. Some swung, and others were glad just to sit about doing nothing but enjoy. At last we were called to dinner. Such a dinner! Beef, mutton, ham, young potatoes and green peas, salad, cucumber, and the newest of new bread, followed by gigantic plum puddings. In such company even lemonade passed muster, and the appetites of the guests were worthy of the hospitality shown. After dinner we all dispersed to meet for tea at six o'clock, at the call of the big bell. It touched one to see their joy in the wild flowers, and their pride in their respective bouquets; and as I saw the weary hardness in the elder faces soften away in the new happiness and beauty around, I thought it might be a faint indication of the change that will be in the world to come. And the younger women were certainly gentler and more womanly at the close, than at the beginning of the day. I cannot tell you half of the many little sayings and doings which struck me greatly in their utter *newness*, and which made me sometimes very, very sad, and sometimes intensely amused. Their quickness of observation, ready wit, power of repartee and utter freedom of speech was wonderful; but then many were Irishwomen, with such a brogue! My countrywomen's English was very broad also, and the whole party had many idioms and words which were unintelligible to me. They all had nicknames, and I was introduced to "the Countess of Whitcomb Hall," "My Lady Crawley," "Johnnie," and so on, with all gravity and pomp. To my delight they volunteered an explanation of "the Countess."

"You see, my dear, she was always a reading yellar novalls, and one she was partiklar took up with was *The Countess of Whitcomb Hall*, and so we

just called her the Countess. You've read it, I'll be bound?" and my answer in the negative was received with a shower of recommendations to read it, "as soon as ever you gets the chance." They talked to me about their work, which is very degrading; but liberty is sweet, and the dustyard is to them so natural that there is no sense of degradation, only a kind of defiant holding aloof from other castes, under an idea that they are looked down upon. Of *moral* degradation they appear entirely unconscious. Browning's answer to Lear's problem—

"Is there a reason in nature for these hard hearts?" "O Lear,  
That a reason out of nature must turn them  
soft, seems clear!"—

was illustrated by a talk I had with these dustyard women.

We were standing about in groups outside the tent after tea, and they were expressing themselves in very warm and energetic words as to their enjoyment of the day, and gratitude for the kindness which had given it to them.

One asked, "Whoever gave it us? she? or she?" pointing to the Lady Superintendent and another lady.

I explained that the Lady Manager was the friend who had brought them down, and who had won for them the kindness of their hostess.

"But whoever would have thought it, my dear? Niver heard of such a thing in my born days as them great ladies a thinking of us! I goes to the tea mating sometimes, and sich a thing was niver before; in *all* my born days, niver know'd nobody come nigh the dustyards—did you? or you? or you?" turning round and addressing one *lady* after another.

They all answered emphatically "Niver," and one added with great candour, "and I warn't *overplaised* whin they fust comed, naither; didn't want 'em! Thought as there war something at the bottom, my dear! that I did; for I never saw a lady in our yards, nor a soul to speak to, in all my born days—there!"



"Shall I tell you what brought these friends? It was all through another friend whom you do not know, and have not even seen to speak to."

"Well I niver!" was the general exclamation, as they gathered closer round to hear.

I told them how a lady had often passed the yard in the train going into the country, and that she had thought they looked very hard-worked, and had wondered if they had any friends who cared for them; and she had thought of this again and again, until she had come to love them herself; but she could not go to them, so, though far away from Vauxhall, she had not rested until she had, with the help of others, sent Mrs. Patent to befriend them, and in one way or another gained all their other friends too.

"And what's her name, my dear? And is she in health?"

"No, she is not very strong."

"Poor dear! poor dear! But whatever made her care for the likes of us? I niver did nothink for her; what made her so took up with us?"

It was the general opinion that here was an extraordinary fact—that a lady should care, "worrit 'erself," and "all for folks as 'ad done nothink for 'er."

"I think I know," I answered. "She loves some one—the Lord Jesus, Who loved her so much that He even died for her, when she had done nothing for Him;" and I went on to tell of the strange power of this Love to satisfy and gladden the hearts of men and women, and to fill them in their turn with abundant love for their fellow men. This it was which had led a stranger to care for the workers in the dustyards, and to try to lighten their lives; to share with them this wonderful Love.

I could hardly go on; one hard face after another softened and puckered up, while the tears welled up in their eyes.

"Praise the Almighty for sich a dear critter! and give 'er my love, my dear; and please the Almighty restore 'er to 'ealth!" said Mrs. O'Mally; and each

and all begged me to give their love and thanks.

By this time a magnificent break, warranted to carry twelve persons inside and three on the box in the language of cab-notices, had arrived, and our Lady Manager, who had secured it almost as magically as the famous coach and four of pumpkin renown, sent us off in two detachments, so as to give all the joy of a ride. Mrs. Patent started first with her party, and the rest of us, "walking gently," were in due time picked up by the emptied break—that is, with the exception of the three "real" ladies, myself, and a very nice woman who gave up her ride most graciously when she found that with all possible squashing and squeezing some one must still be left out. She told me that it was a mercy no beer had been given, or some would certainly have been overcome by their terrible enemy, and the day would have been spoilt by quarrels and fighting. We were speaking of this as we neared the station, and found some of the second waggonette party missing! We were informed by the others that they had just gone into the public at the corner!

Our brave Lady Manager immediately walked into the public-house and brought the women out, leaving their potions on the bar, to the intense astonishment of some men who were also refreshing themselves. Poor women! they were at first *furious* at being "traited and controuled like children;" said they would never speak to the ladies again, nor go near the meeting. Gradually the Lady Superintendent and Mrs. Patent, with exquisite tact, restored them to calmness, and brought them to say—that if the lady had expressed any wish, they'd not have offended her—not they; but why they shouldn't take a drop when they was dry, *they* couldn't for the life of them understand.

It had never occurred to any one that such a prohibition was necessary; but the right thing, no doubt, would have been to have simply said—

"Will you please all keep together at the station, and then we shall not lose one another?" for clearly they could see no more harm in going into the public-house than we should in drinking a cup of tea when calling at a friend's house; and although they had probably had a better dinner and tea than ever in their lives before, yet not having had any beer, they felt quite justified in putting a finishing touch to the joys of the day by going for a glass, instead of wasting the time waiting for us, before the train was due. We were all happy again by the time the train came up, and amid reiterated invitations to visit them at their work, we said good bye—for they, Mrs. Patent, and their Lady Superintendent were to change at Waterloo for Vauxhall, and we whirled away to Charing Cross.

This little sketch is but the experience of a short time, and that short time has taught us that dark and unpromising as the work-field seemed, there was much beneath the surface that was good and hopeful, and needing only a little sympathy and love to awaken in many a seemingly dull face and rugged heart memories of better things long forgotten, or new-born hopes of a higher life. Surely these first-fruits should encourage us to go on, and to look in this, as in wider fields, for a fuller harvest in God's good time.

SOPHIA M. PALMER.

November, 1879.

Subscriptions or Donations to the Parochial Mission Women's Association will be thankfully received by the Hon. Miss Palmer, Blackmore, Petersfield, Hants.

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## PARLIAMENT WITHOUT PARTIES.

IN a recent number of a contemporary journal, M. de Laveleye has drawn a striking picture of the anarchy which has hitherto seemed to be the normal condition of the Italian Parliament. The Chamber presents indeed the usual Continental features of Right, Left, and Centre, and there are also a Left Centre and an Extreme Left; but not only is each of these primary divisions without any character or policy common to all its members, and without any recognised leaders—the minor groups into which it is broken are equally undistinguishable by any peculiar tenets. There may be a Carioli, a Crispi, a Nicotera, a Depretis group, named after some prominent politician near whom they usually sit, but it is only by vague ties of alliance and comradeship that the individual associates are connected with him or with each other. They have not agreed upon any comprehensive plan of common action. Although now and then found voting all together on some particular question, they may presently afterwards be seen splitting their votes in all directions: they have no settled programme, no watchword, no emblem or bond of internal union. An assembly composed of such heterogeneous and mutable materials cannot possibly furnish a homogeneous majority on which a united ministry may rely for the furtherance of any systematic policy. Of the followers of to-day many may to-morrow be deserters to the opposite camp, and it is only by a series of negotiations, compromises, and bargains that the cabinet can hope to carry any of its points. Besides, an Italian ministry is never really in union with itself. Inasmuch as, while it was in process of formation, there was no large parliamentary party prepared to sink

minor differences for the attainment of great ends, it was necessary to endeavour to propitiate as many groups as possible by selecting from them different ministers, each of whom carried with him into office some favourite crotchet which he could not waive, even if he would, without risking the defection of the group whom his selection had been designed to propitiate. It is obviously impossible that in such circumstances a government should be either collectively strong, or should in its corporate capacity enjoy a prolonged existence. The slightest accident may suffice to bring to light personal differences signalised by individual resignations: these provoke interpellations, followed by a crisis, and terminating in an arrangement which may possibly be expected to be permanent, but which always turns out to be temporary, for it never fails to exhibit a fresh series of intestine disputes, internal changes and interpellations, resulting first in another crisis, and then in another arrangement as temporary as that which it superseded. In the eighteen years of Italy's constitutional life there have been twenty-five ministerial crises, and at this moment some seventy or eighty ex-ministers have seats in the Italian chamber. The only thing certain about any new ministry is that it will be of short duration. Actual occupants of office are never allowed time to familiarise themselves with the details of their respective departments, or to impress a definite line of conduct on their subordinates, and administrative impotence and disorder are the inevitable result.

For these evils, the gravity of which cannot easily be overrated, M. de Laveleye sees no remedy save in the gradual growth, in the country and in

the chamber, of two or more parties sufficiently numerous to be able, with adventitious aid occasionally derived from one or other of the minor groups, to constitute, each in its turn, a compact majority competent to place and maintain in office selected exponents of its distinctive views. "Government by parties and by the majority is," he says, "the only one which can give strength and efficiency to parliamentary institutions." Without a majority so completely dominated by certain primary ideas as to be content to sacrifice for their furtherance all secondary objects, administrative stability and vigour are, he thinks, impossible. These conclusions are so specious, have so much to recommend them, are so generally entertained, and are moreover so consonant with ordinary English prejudice, that it may be not unprofitable for an Englishman who believes them to be equally erroneous and mischievous to state in some little detail the grounds of his dissent.

In so doing it may be convenient to begin with an impartial examination of the system which is desired to be substituted for that which actually prevails. "In England, where parliamentary government works in a typical manner, the result of the elections determines the majority, and the majority places in office the men who best represent the ideas of the triumphant majority." Most members of the latter have virtually pledged themselves to their constituents to march under their party's banner, which they cannot desert without being branded as traitors and treated accordingly. Whatever, therefore, their individual opinions on minor matters, on all matters, great or small, they as a rule vote straight at the word of command; and, as long as their numbers continue undiminished, the chiefs whom they support can govern with as much thoroughness as though their power were absolute. The general accuracy of this descrip-

tion will be recognised by all who recollect how despotically one English premier was accustomed to impose silence on his supporters, even to the extent of preventing them from answering the objections urged by the Opposition to his proposals, and how another found it unnecessary to let his well-trained bands know beforehand what it was that he proposed, secure of their readiness to register the accomplished acts, whatever they might be, wherewith it amused him to startle the world. But is it possible that such exceeding loyalty can be really conducive to the public weal? Is it not, on the contrary, utterly inconsistent with the spirit and intent of representative government, which surely means, if it means any thing, that the feelings of the country shall be reflected in parliament, and that the government shall in all things be carried on in accordance with the predominating national will? But although there always is, and necessarily always must be, such a will in regard to everything in particular, there neither is nor possibly can be with respect to things in general. Among men who think for themselves there can scarcely be—not simply any considerable parties—but any two individuals, who think alike on all political subjects. Make any question whatever the subject of a *plébiscite*, and it will no doubt be carried one way or the other by a majority of votes. But though all questions so treated might be so carried, scarcely any two questions would be carried by majorities composed of precisely the same persons. Of the many who were in favour of Catholic emancipation a very large proportion were violently opposed to emancipation of the Jews. From the myriads who fifty years ago had shown themselves so eager for Parliamentary reform, thousands broke away when their suffrages were appealed to in behalf of poor-law reform. It is thus impossible for the mass of electors to be divided into

parties ready for a stand-up fight with each other whenever their leaders give the signal, whatever that signal be; and if nevertheless there be such parties in Parliament it follows that the national spirit is not adequately represented there. That it should be perfectly represented is indeed morally impossible. In every separate constituency there must needs be infinite diversity of political opinion, and since it is hopeless for electors who do not agree amongst themselves to seek for any one agreeing with them all, their best alternative is to select as their deputy that candidate on whose judgment they severally most rely, and to leave him at liberty, with certain specified reservations, to act according to his own discretion. But the deputies cannot fully discharge their legitimate duty unless on all questions, great or small, as to which they have been left unpledged, they speak and vote strictly according to their conscience.

True, without more constant support than could be expected from men like these, no ministry could attempt to carry out any comprehensive programme of their own devising without incurring defeats which, according to the law of honour at present in vogue, would necessitate their resignation, and their replacement by successors who would presently have in their turn to resign. True, likewise, that the prevalence of this law may furnish a plausible excuse for the present practice, on either side of the House of Commons, of voting for or against measures, not according to their merits, but according as they are proposed or opposed by the cabinet. In every political assembly, however conscientiously independent its individual members may be, there cannot but always be two main streams of thought, one in favour of and the other averse from progress, and either Liberals or Conservatives may honestly deem it more for the general good to make occasional sacrifices of principle than, by steadfast adherence to principle, to

risk the displacement of a ministry whose general procedure they approve by one bent on pursuing a policy which they esteem mischievous. But the notion that ministers are in honour bound to resign after unequivocal defeat is based on utter misconception of the true character of ministerial functions. So much mere etymology may of itself suffice to prove. In every country deserving to be styled constitutional, though king or queen may reign, the governing power must reside mainly with Parliament, which, inasmuch as it has a veto on the appointment of ministers, does virtually appoint them. But with what view does it so appoint? Surely that the creatures of its appointment may be not its masters, but its servants—should minister, not be ministered unto—should do as Parliament may bid, not attempt to impose their bidding upon Parliament. That, this being their vocation, they should nevertheless give themselves the airs of dictators, would, had not long habit familiarised us with the practice, appear even more preposterous than if a coachman should insist on taking one road while his master wanted to go another. For the individual coachman may at least be firmly convinced in his own mind that his choice is the best, whereas a cabinet, being a noun of multitude signifying many individuals necessarily differing each from the other more or less in temper, humour, and judgment, can seldom, if ever, have an equally firm common conviction. Any conclusion to which they may have come must be the result of mutual compromises, and represents consequently rather everybody's objections than any one's opinions; yet a policy of which no one of its authors thoroughly approves is to be forced upon Parliament without other choice than between it and a wholesale ministerial strike. Mere vulgar trades-unionism, in its most imperious mood, never goes such lengths as this. The nearest parallel to it is

perhaps that of Lord Sefton's French cook, who resigned the premiership of the kitchen on being told that his lordship had been observed at table to put salt into the soup; though it is not recorded that even then all the under-cooks and scullions followed the example of their chief and threw up their appointments in a body. And what heightens the absurdity of the ministerial usage is the singular sense of honour which underlies it. If a coachman has reason to fear that by taking the dangerous road enjoined upon him he might upset the carriage and break his own neck and his master's, he may be fully warranted in giving warning rather than obey; but, even so, prudence, not honour, is his justification, for honour would rather prompt him to share his master's peril in order that he might do his best to abate it. And similarly, it would seem, should a right-minded ministry, perceiving Parliament to be bent on what to them seemed a mistaken course, nevertheless refrain from deserting their posts as long as they were permitted to retain them, in order that so they might save the vessel of the state from some of the disasters on which, under worse guidance, it might rush. They would be very obtuse if they failed to perceive that to be allowed in such circumstances to continue at the helm was about the highest compliment that could be paid them.

All this is so obvious that the prevalence of diametrically opposite sentiments, not in England only, but in all other constitutional countries, might seem unaccountable, were it not that those latter countries, taking English constitutionalism as their type, have too servilely copied its more prominent features. They might have reflected that the English constitution was not made suddenly, but grew gradually, and adapted itself in growing to the varying circumstances of successive generations. For a lengthened period, and until a date well within living

memory, party government was with us a necessity, due principally to the gross imperfection of our representative system. During the Tudor, Stuart, and Georgian eras, most members of Parliament were mere nominees of territorial magnates, with whom, as with the generality of mankind, personal interest was the first consideration, and patriotism at best the second, and with whom personal and political objects of supreme moment were so inseparably blended that political success and political failure were to them matters of life and death. Political passion ran proportionately high, descending also very low, and thoroughly permeating every stratum of society. While the question at issue lay, or seemed to lie, between Clericalism and Puritanism, a monarchy and a republic, a Jacobite and a Hanoverian dynasty, revolutionary anarchy and preservation of Church and State, all who took any heed of political matters spontaneously and half unconsciously coalesced into separate leagues, each with its distinctive cry too loudly and constantly vociferated to allow of any other being much attended to, and each instinctively aware of the need of internal discipline and of subordination to those prominent exponents of its dominant sentiment whom it had accepted as its chiefs. The party zeal thus generated throughout the country was faithfully represented in Parliament. The lords and gentlemen by whom so much of the elective function was practically monopolised were careful to impress upon all whom they suffered to be elected the paramount obligation of collective action, of presenting a compact front, and of voting black white rather than permit individual scruples to endanger the realisation of the common object. When quieter times succeeded, weaker motives sufficed to produce a similar result. The primary aim, both of the grand electors and of their nominees, continued to be, as it had always been, the constitution of a majority for the



purpose of placing and maintaining their leaders in power, not simply for the furtherance of some special public policy, but also in order that they might themselves participate in the sweets of office, which the leaders on their side were careful to distribute in such mode as seemed best calculated to conciliate the possessors of parliamentary patronage, and thereby to preserve and augment the number of their adherents. The conditions out of which this state of things arose have now in great measure passed away. Members of the House of Commons are now, for the most part, returned by independent constituencies, and might, if they and their constituents chose, act on all occasions independently and conscientiously. But the traditions of former days have hitherto been too strong for any approach to so salutary a change. Party spirit is still supreme, and still exercises a universal fascination. Who is insensible to the manifold charms of that "Strife of Freedom, wherein," as Carlyle says, "every one may get a share of what is going," to the strong personal attachments and bitter hatreds it begets, the excitement of conflict, the joy of triumph, the exultation over the spoils of victory? Who doubts that a Whig opposition would again be as unanimous as before in its tacit encouragement of Hyde Park rioters for the sake of embarrassing a Tory administration, or that "no leap in the dark" would be too appalling for gleeful Tories hopeful of thereby finally "dishing the Whigs"?

What though, meanwhile, howsoever parties rave, the public rues? The English public loves too well the pleasure it has so long enjoyed to care much about its punishment. The best chance for us is that other nations, taking warning from our example, may strike out a better line for themselves and set us a better example. The circumstances of Italy are particularly favourable for such an experi-

ment. The parliamentary anarchy which M. de Laveleye, in common with some eminent Italian statesmen, so much deplures, implying, as it does, no more at worst than absence of rival parliamentary archons with quasi-despotic, albeit temporary authority, only requires to be rightly understood in order to be quite otherwise appreciated. What it really does is to leave the ground clear for the erection of improved institutions. If it continues long enough, ministers, finding themselves incapacitated from posing as dictators, must sooner or later accept their legitimate rôle, and acquiesce with becoming docility in parliamentary dictation. Whoever thenceforward may bring on a motion, will have to take the sense of the whole chamber upon it, not in form and appearance only, but in all sincerity. Having no trained bands on whose allegiance he can in any caserely, he will be unable to carry his proposal except by convincing a majority of its general expediency, accepting too any amendments on which any majority whatever of the deputies may agree, and thereby bringing it into accord with the dominant feelings of the chamber, and presumably also of the country. The superiority of a system so genuinely representative over that which it would supersede speaks in great measure for itself, and will be more manifest the more minutely we consider how the plan would be likely to work. There would still be a cabinet with an at least nominal premier, an inner council of ministers with a titular president, and although without solidarity or mutual responsibility, only the more thoroughly imbued with omnifarious aptitude by reason of its exemption from those shackles. Each separate minister would probably be well enough disposed, and might moreover be formally required, to consult his assembled colleagues on all matters of moment, yet without being bound to follow their advice. Each might be accountable

solely and exclusively for the transactions of his own department or of any business outside it of which he might voluntarily assume the conduct; and no defeat which he might sustain would, unless implying direct censure and want of confidence, necessitate his resignation. Neither, even when it did, would it necessitate that of his colleagues likewise, who would have learnt to repudiate the monstrous notion that official fellowship could impose on them the obligation of publicly defending official misconduct which they had not shared, and against which they might have privately remonstrated, or of insisting in participating in the retribution which such misconduct incurred. Partial ministerial changes would take place whenever required, but sudden subversion of an entire ministry would be no longer possible. Worthy and unworthy would no longer all go out together in order to make way for others, some of whom would inevitably be less worthy than those whom they had supplanted. An Italian ministry, of which, as has been said, the one thing that can at present be predicted is that it will be short-lived, might in its corporate capacity live for ever under the new *régime*, amputation of effete members, judicious grafting and infusion of new blood sufficing to maintain it in perpetual health. Every individual minister, perceiving that he held office during pleasure—pleasure contingent on his own individual good behaviour—would perceive likewise that the surest mode of prolonging his tenure was by assiduous attention to the duties of his department, to which he could give his whole time when freed from the incessant interpellations with which he, in common with his colleagues, is now pestered, and from the incessant and absorbing lobby work which is now incumbent upon them in order to preserve or recruit a majority ever on the point of melting away. In the conduct of his own departmental business

indeed he might still be subject to abundant criticism, but that criticism would be no longer factious, for the Chamber would no longer be divided into factions: when there was no organised body of ministerial partisans to overthrow, an organised opposition would be without a *raison d'être*. There would continue to be—it would be a great pity if there did not—abundance of personal ambition outside the cabinet, abundance of individual aspirants to office; but each of these would best consult his own interests by singling out some particular post as the object of his aspirations, and by making himself master of its details so as to justify his own candidature for its reversion. But the intelligent criticism to be expected from such quarters would, if accepted in a proper spirit, be, however hostile, the reverse of harmful to those against whom it was directed, inasmuch as, causing them to take more heed to their ways and aiding them to direct their steps, it would strengthen instead of weakening their hold on office. On such conditions an Italian Palmerston, when once appointed, might remain foreign minister, or an Italian Gladstone or Northcote or Forster or Cross, Finance or Home Minister, during the rest of his public life, or until his proved and ever-increasing efficiency in one position was rewarded by translation to another more arduous or dignified. Disappointed aspirants might chafe impatiently, but even they would scarcely pretend that the reins of government could continue too long in hands ostensibly the very fittest to hold them. And let it not be apprehended that the ministers would be less strong collectively than individually. The habit of asking and taking each other's advice would naturally engender a disposition to act together, all the more because whatever agreement or union subsisted among them would be based upon genuine conviction. On all great occasions, indeed, some considerable

degree of concord would be indispensable. No foreign secretary would venture to propose the alternative of war without the concurrence of the heads of the finance and military and naval departments; nor would the most headstrong of premiers attempt to initiate a serious organic change in domestic arrangements to which the bulk of his colleagues had declared themselves averse; while, on the other hand, any measure on which the parliament's own *élite*, their very flower and cream, were agreed, would commend itself with hitherto unprecedented force to general acceptance. Thus the general course of national policy would be steadily continuous, deviating from inherited traditions in so far as varying circumstances and calm deliberation suggested, but no longer oscillating violently from extreme to extreme with every capricious change in the national humour.

It need not be asserted that these immense gains would be without their drawbacks. In foreign affairs, more especially, a parliamentary government which may be required to submit every premeditated movement to public discussion must often be very inferior to an autocracy in promptitude of decision and execution; yet it may fairly be doubted whether this serious defect would not be moderated rather than aggravated under the supposed new *régime*. Ministers, every one of whom parliament had itself selected, and whose increasing efficiency had, as already hinted, been ever since justifying the original choice, would presumably not be denied the confidence which experience had shown them to deserve, and would, if they were worth their salt, on any adequate emergency not scruple to take full liberty of secret action, on the necessarily implied condition of being held responsible for the consequences of the discretionary powers they had assumed. Quite possibly they might, on sufficient cause subsequently shown, obtain an applausive bill of indemnity for inter-

rupting fruitless negotiations with Austria by seizing on the mountain passes into the Tyrol, or for guaranteeing Greece against Turkish invasion on condition of the cession of Corfu.

The experiment thus imagined to be tried in the first instance by Italy would presumably, if successful there, be imitated in other countries, and eventually, though not until very late, by such slaves of habit as ourselves. Yet for England the plan suggested would possess some signal recommendations over and above those already indicated, and, among others, this—that it would, in anticipation of Mr. Hare's admirably contrived scheme for the same purpose, provide to some extent for the representation of minorities. The object of such representation is not to enable a minority to rule, but simply to enable it to obtain a hearing. It is not more inevitable than, in the long run, desirable that a majority should have its own way in all things; and at any rate a minority must needs submit as long as it remains a minority. But provided only it can insist on being listened to, whatever truth there may be in its utterances is sure in the end to prevail to the benefit of all concerned, that majority of course included by whom it had previously been opposed, and whom it has at length converted. Now there is probably scarcely a shade of popular opinion which, even as the House of Commons is at present constituted, is not entertained by one or more of its members, who, when partisanship had ceased to enjoin silence, would not fail, as often as fitting opportunity offered, to express openly their previously hidden sentiments. Thus without any change in the present mode of election, the sense of the entire nation might be in so far represented in the House as that the thoughts upon any given subject of every minority of thinkers could compel attention to them, and gradually obtain whatever influence comparison between them and those of superior numbers might show them

to merit. One consequence, be it observed parenthetically, would pretty certainly be general recognition of the want of a much completer and more direct representation of minorities, as perhaps the most crying political want of our time, while concomitant advantages of the new *régime* would be that caucuses and similar devices for Americanising our institutions would be perceived to be unnecessary, even if not necessarily baneful, and that political differences would cease to be regarded as disqualifications for local appointments. Whigs and Tories equally in Tory boroughs, and Tories and Whigs equally in Whig boroughs, would be deemed eligible for town councils, vestries, and school boards; the most specially serviceable men, whatever their political creed, would everywhere

be in request for every special local service.

Enough, however, of this for the present, though a good deal more of the same kind must be said in order to make much impression on the deeply-ingrained prejudices against which it is directed, and although it might have been well, if space had permitted, to point out how sensibly the difficulties with which the French Republic is just now beset would be lightened by adoption of the principles advocated above. But the few foregoing pages will not have been written altogether in vain if they induce any one to reflect how incompatible is party spirit with patriotism, and how very imperfect a specimen of representative government must be the best imaginable form of government by party.

W. T. THORNTON.

## JOHN THADEUS DELANE.

JOHN THADEUS DELANE was born in South Molton Street, London, on the 11th of October, 1817. He was the second son of William Frederick Augustus Delane, barrister-at-law, who again was son of Cavin Delane, one of the sergeants-at-arms of George III. The name was no doubt originally Irish; Delaney, of Mountreth, in the Queen's County, the final "y" being dropped when the family passed over to England. The grandfather, who was a man of great taste, and an accomplished musician, died, leaving two children, a son William, mentioned above, and a daughter, successively the wife of Captain Donaldson and of Mr. I. Moncrieff Arnott, the eminent surgeon. On his death at Old Windsor, he left a considerable fortune to his children, of which the son's share by the carelessness of trustees, was, after expensive litigation, entirely lost. These losses rendered it necessary for the son to enter some profession, and he was called to the bar. At this time he lived chiefly at the Lodge, in the parish of Easthampstead, on a property which had belonged to the family for some years, and to which were added houses and land in the adjoining village of Bracknell. At a very early age, Mr. Delane had married Miss Mary Ann Babington, niece of Colonel John Babington, a distinguished cavalry officer, who served in the 14th Light Dragoons in the Peninsular War. Of this union were born nine children, four sons—William, John, George, and Walter; and five daughters—Elizabeth, Georgina, Frances, Isabella, and Emily. The second son, John Thadeus, rose to be one of the most remarkable men of his time. Though not born in Berkshire, he was reared in that famous county, and in that corner of it bordering on Surrey which abounds in woods and

heather, and which still retains with the independence and manliness and beauty of its peasantry a smack of the freedom and lawlessness of the old forest days. If this be the case in these degenerate days of encroachments and inclosures, what must have been the feeling of freedom and delightful sense of elbow-room with which John Delane grew up, when Windsor Forest still stretched to Sandhurst, when Bagshot Heath was a heath indeed, and when the great parish of Winkfield, thirty miles in compass, contained within its boundaries many thousand acres of waste and heath? Before the inclosure of that outlying portion of Windsor Forest, the deer lay out all over that wide district. Venison was not unusually found in cottages; and so far as roads and fences were concerned, the country between Farnham and Windsor was much in the same state as when Swift rode between those places as he bore messages from Sir William Temple to William III.; or when he recalled to Stella's recollection his walks to London from Moor Park, his route passing by that famous roadside inn, the Golden Farmer, at the summit of the heath above the town of Bagshot; a sign which, we regret to say, some wisacre has recently seen fit to turn into the "Jolly Farmer." The Golden Farmer's house was the resort of highwaymen, and his "gold" was gained by his being a partaker with them in their depredations on the traveller.

With such surroundings it is not surprising that John Delane grew up free and fearless in his nature. In all the memories of those distant days there is none on which the mind dwells with greater pleasure than on that united family growing up in grace and beauty and mutual affection under

their parents' roof, each member preparing for the career which was to be its lot in after life. Of John it may be said that his education was of the woods and heaths rather than of the schoolroom or the desk. From his earliest years his great delight was to be in the saddle scouring the wastes, and later on to drive long distances either on business or pleasure. But though he had little book-learning, and could not be called a scholar in the university sense of the word, there never was boy or man who possessed greater power of mastering any given subject in the shortest space of time. In this respect, both in his youth and middle age, he reminded those who knew him best of the character given by Thucydides of Pericles—"that he was by his natural intelligence, without the help of instruction before or after, the best judge, on the shortest deliberation, of any matter in hand, and also the ablest forecaster of what the issue would be."

After beginning his education at one of not two private schools, John Delane, in the year 1833, was transferred to King's College, London, then recently established, where he remained about two years. In mathematics, like many great men, he did little or nothing in that short space; but those who sat with him in the classical lectures of the lamented Joseph Anstice, were amazed at the readiness with which, after the barest preparation, generally derived from a translation, he would render the most difficult passages into the happiest mother English. From King's College he passed to a private tutor at Farringdon, on the other border of Berkshire, exchanging his old heaths and deer for downs and sheep; and in 1836 he proceeded to Oxford, having matriculated at Magdalene Hall, where the felicity of his construing, with just as little preparation as before, made the whole lecture-room sure that whenever he went up for his degree he must take high honours. But this was not to be. He was fitting himself by his readiness and intuitive grasp of mind for higher honours than those to be

attained at Oxford. Though generally attentive to chapel and regular at lecture, there still were days when a favourite meet of the hounds proved too tempting for him. He was in the saddle and off, leaving a note to his tutor, Dr. Jacobson, asking leave, which was sometimes delivered after his departure. "Mr. Delane's leave is sometimes French leave," was the tutor's remark; "but then we must remember that he, like the ancient Centaurs, is part and parcel of his horse." But these little irregularities were soon forgotten and forgiven; the whole Hall was fond of him and proud of him, though no one of its inmates could foresee what a much greater honour John Delane was ultimately to be to them. Before we leave his life at Oxford let us add, that the distances covered by him on horseback were remarkable. He thought nothing of riding to Farringdon and back, or to Banbury and back, between hall and midnight; and on one occasion he rode from Oxford to Bracknell and back in one day, that he might see one of his sisters who was dangerously ill of scarlet fever.

In 1839 he took his degree, and now came suddenly the turning point in his career. Residence in Berkshire had brought Mr. Delane, the father, into intimacy with the late Mr. Walter, the well-known proprietor of the *Times* newspaper. In Mr. Walter's election struggles for Berkshire both father and son had helped actively in the contest. For this in the days of stage-coaches and post-horses the fondness for riding and driving displayed by the family had been of great service. The result was that the father was appointed financial manager of the *Times*, while the son soon attracted the notice of Mr. Walter, one of the shrewdest judges of character and worth that ever lived. At that time the post of editor of the paper was filled by Mr. Thomas Barnes, a man of great power and ability, but whose health, though he was not much over fifty, was beginning to fail. His



colleague in the editorial conduct of the paper was Mr. Bacon, a much younger man, whose health was even worse than that of his chief. Little more than a year after John Delane left the university, both Mr. Bacon and Mr. Barnes died, the latter in May, 1841. Thus deprived of both the conductors of the *Times*, Mr. Walter, in whom the appointment solely vested, determined on filling the vacant post by the son of his friend, Mr. Delane. Thus John Delane, when he was twenty-three, became editor of the *Times*. The interval between his degree and his appointment had been filled by various duties connected with the great newspaper, in each of which he justified his reputation for quickness of apprehension and readiness of resource. In the spring of 1845 he was joined by his old friend George Dasent, who for five and twenty years continued his colleague in the editorship. Of very different natures the two brothers-in-law, Walter's "three-year-olds" as they were called, each contributed something which was wanting in the character of the other, and the result was a remarkable smoothness and evenness in the conduct of the paper.

Looking back on the history of the years between the present time and 1841, we seem to be gazing into the craters of extinct volcanoes. The inflammable matter which fed the fire of debate, and the fury with which each step of political progress was discussed by the great antagonists on either side, has been so utterly burnt out and extinguished that we in this generation who dwell on the fertile soil of social and religious freedom formed by those convulsions can scarcely believe in the bitterness of the struggle and the ability and boldness of the statesmen by whom each prize of our present liberties was won. We imagine that these green fields and pleasant pastures were always the easy abode of political indolence, and that do-nothing ministries with their servile supporters always held rule in England. There is this difference between the position of the editor of a great

organ of public opinion like the *Times* and prime ministers and statesmen, that while they last but for a while, and either vanish, the victims of greater geniuses, or by accident and impolicy, or, it may be, tripped up by intrigues and insubordination within their own ranks, he goes on for ever; so long, at least, as he has strength and ability to meet the demands made upon his energies. Between May, 1841, when John Delane became virtually the editor of the *Times*, to the present date, there have been no less than twelve changes of administration, based for the most part on great changes or attempted reversals of policy. Consider the advantage which the permanency of his tenure of office gave to a man of Delane's capacity in dealing with political pieces so often swept off the board and replaced merely to begin the game of government anew. While statesmen on either side were bent on checkmating their antagonists, he may be said to have played the part of a moderator or dictator, to whom sooner or later they must one and all come for assistance and advice. Taking this view of his position, he was at no time what could be called a party man. That his instincts were intensely liberal, the columns of the *Times* during his whole tenure of office remain to prove. They are composed out of the very ore of liberty and progress, and will for ever remain the best monument to his memory. But he regarded the fall of one administration and the formation of another with quite other feelings than those of the wire-pullers of parties—of the Tadpoles and Tapers,—who deemed the end of the world was at hand if Whig ousted Tory or Tory Whig in the struggle for political power. If he thought of prime ministers or cabinets when these changes, inseparable from the essence of constitutional government, occurred, it was perhaps with personal regret that this or that friend had fallen, but always with the reserve and conviction of what was due to a sense of his own vocation. It was his pride to administer

the editorship justly and generously, without respect of parties or personal favour, and he remembered that, if he were the intimate friend of statesmen, he had a higher dignity; that he too was a prime minister—the prime minister of the public, and that it was his duty to serve them, and with them the friends and employers who were proud of him, and reposed unlimited confidence in him, with all his heart and soul to the very utmost of his power.

In this respect John Delane only showed himself the apt pupil of Mr. Walter, the patron who promoted him, whose great political maxim was never to be such great friends with a statesman as to forget that he might one day be your foe, but at the same time to bear in mind that if he were now your foe he might still be one day your friend. To this great principle, which became traditional and hereditary in the conduct of the great newspaper founded by the Walter family, John Delane was faithful and loyal during the whole of his rule over the *Times*. It was the keystone to his personal independence and to the power of the paper, and it enhanced tenfold the value of its adhesion and support; as was most gracefully recognised on a memorable occasion by the late Sir Robert Peel. No journalist of our time, none of any time, ever lived in more constant communication with statesmen of all opinions than John Delane, but no one was less their servant. He ever met them on equal terms, and if he was often indebted to them for priority of information as to political events just looming in the future, he gave them more than they brought; he, too, had exclusive intelligence to impart—foresight as to the temper of the people, the soundest advice as to the success or failure of political ventures, and, above all, wholesome warnings of the danger which ever tracks the course of those who embark on the great ocean of politics in an ill-found vessel manned by an unruly crew. In these respects

no man of our time has possessed more political sagacity, and the friends who had likened him to the great Athenian statesman when he was only an undergraduate, were proud to find their comparison verified by the insight which he showed in predicting the course which events would take with an un-failing certainty, which seemed akin to divine intuition.

And so it happened that for many years the *Times* newspaper, with Delane as its conductor, outstripped all its competitors, not only in the priority and excellence of its information and intelligence, but also in the readiness and power with which it commented on each fact of news for the instruction of the public. When we remember that in the great questions of the Poor Law and Free Trade; in Irish policy, beginning with the turbulent times of O'Connell, and ending with the abolition of the Irish Church, and the improvement of the Land Laws; in its support of Sir Robert Peel's financial measures and in the Repeal of the Navigation Laws—not to speak of the efforts of the paper in the cause of civil and religious liberty, as in the emancipation of the Jews and the removal of disabilities from Dissenters—when we remember, we say, that to the triumph of every one of these great measures, and many more, the *Times*, under John Delane, mainly contributed, while other organs of the press growled or shrieked as if the country were about to be utterly ruined, we shall be amazed at the courage and mental resources of the man who, without cessation or rest, could undertake the advocacy of each of these great changes, and never rest to labour for them day and night till he had done his best to bring one and all of them to a happy conclusion.

To war and its consequences he seemed naturally averse. It was with great reluctance that he saw the country embark in the Crimean War, though once engaged in the struggle he spared no pains and grudged no money to bring it to a victorious end. He possessed great knowledge of military

affairs and details, and statesmen now living can bear witness to the extent of his information on those matters, and to the mastery which he ever exhibited over the whole subject. But he looked on foreign war as a waste of our national resources, and once, at least, in the struggle between Denmark and Austria and Prussia for the Duchies, had a great hand in restraining the martial desires of a portion of Lord Palmerston's cabinet. Later on, in 1870, he showed his sagacity in predicting the triumph of the German arms, while most of the world were sure that the French would be at Berlin in a month. Throughout the rest of that struggle his support, so far as it went, was freely given to Germany, chiefly because he distrusted the policy of the Emperor Napoleon, and thought the success of Germany most advantageous to England.

That a man so influential in position, and so gifted by nature, should have been sought out by ministers and courted by society, was a matter of course. Besides, it was his duty to consort with cabinet ministers, and to mix in the great world if he could advance the interests of the paper, and at the same time escape the enervating influence of flattery and intrigue. We believe it would be the universal verdict of the statesmen with whom he constantly associated, and of the gay crowds in which he sometimes appeared, in them but not of them, that no man was so little spoiled by society as John Delane. He was the least given to gossip of any man, and no one could say that he had ever been tempted by vanity to reveal any of the many secrets which had been confided to his keeping. That he was more drawn to one statesman than to another is only to say that he was a man. Of all his friends of that class we believe he respected Lord Aberdeen the most, who had been his Mentor when he was new to his work, while his affection was most shown to Lord Palmerston, who in his geniality and readiness, and if one may so speak, in the hand-to-mouth character

of his statesmanship, resembled the natural leanings of Delane's mind. Some have thought that this was shown too much in the unflinching support which the *Times* gave to Lord Palmerston's policy, and especially to his postponement of reform. It was feared lest the younger of the two might find, when his Nestor had departed, that he had left a deluge of constitutional arrears behind him. This danger, if it ever existed, terminated with Lord Palmerston's death, since which event no prime minister can be said to have stood in the same dangerous intimacy with Delane.

In considering the life of a great man, the question ever arises, How much of his fame was due to himself, and how much to fortune? Had it not been that he was his father's son, and that the Walters, father and son, had been his firm friends, would the world ever have heard of John Delane? Perhaps not as editor of the *Times*, in that no doubt fortune stood his friend; but he was made of that strong stuff, and the fibre of his mind was so tough and elastic that if he had not chosen to spend his life shrouded in the veil which hides the personality of an editor from ordinary eyes, the world would assuredly have heard of him as famous in other fields of action. How great a general, or how good a judge, how subtle a diplomatist, or how farsighted a minister he might have been, the world will never know; but those who knew him best, and worked with him by day and night, know that in his conduct of the *Times* he displayed by turns all the characteristics of these noble professions. Of undaunted courage, admirable judicial power, profound knowledge of men and society, and the sharpest political foresight, he combined in himself all the qualities which make a man famous. This was the great secret of his success as a leader of men. All who served with him or worked under him, felt sure that whatever the emergency, and however short the notice, John Delane would never be taken by surprise, that he would be equal to the

occasion, and that the *Times* would be itself the next morning. No man ever had such willing workers, no workers ever served an abler leader. It is said there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it; but the sea is wide, and it must be a cunning fisher who could cast his net and catch so noble a fish as John Delane. Of arrogance and rudeness he had the greatest scorn, together with the happiest way of dealing with such people; as, when at an Oxford breakfast party, a Pembroke man asked whether the gentlemen commoners of Magdalen Hall dined in hall with their wives and children. "Just as true," replied Delane, "as that the knives and forks at Pembroke are chained to the table lest the undergraduates should run away with them."

Turning for a moment to what may be called his personal conduct of the *Times*, it has been said that he was "no writer." This is only true in one sense, and wrong in another. He did not write, but he knew how to write, and that better than most men. Much that appeared in the paper under the head of leading articles was so amended by his pen that it was in reality Delane's handiwork, and the ablest writers, instead of feeling impatient at his alterations and corrections, were free to confess that he had much improved their composition. In this he was in his full right, for he alone was responsible for what was published. It is true he had no need to write, for he was supported by a staff of writers who were devoted to him, and who were unequalled in their several styles for capacity and grace of diction. In one sense no living man, so far as our information goes, could approach him. He was beyond compare the best writer of letters of his day. His letters of instruction and advice to those who wrote for him were matchless. They were models of instruction, never missing a point, terse, and yet brilliant.

They put life into the dead bones of a subject, and as he read the writer was warmed by admiration to do his best. His letters to his friends and family were full of the most striking thoughts clothed in the simplest and purest English. Others were full of playful sallies, in which he reproached his friends for shortcomings and indolence, and thus jestingly led them on to better behaviour. On two memorable occasions, on great provocation, he emerged from the mystery of the editor's room and entered into a controversy with two great public men, one long since gone, the other still with us. This step in our opinion was a mistake, but certainly those letters as they remain will do no injustice to his ability as a writer.

What is left but to say that in private life no man was more affectionate in his nature, and certainly none more beloved by his family and friends. He had very simple tastes, though generous to a fault. To one love he remained constant almost to the end. On his writing-table in Serjeants' Inn lay a hoof of one of his old Oxford horses set in silver, and he was never so happy as when he was on horseback galloping over the Berkshire heaths to some review at Aldershot, or following the autumn manœuvres along the breezy Wiltshire downs. Up to two years of his death he continued to be the "centaur" which he had shown himself at Oxford; and when he could no longer ride, his chief delight was to drive to his old home near Bracknell, or to the peaceful churchyard of Easthampstead, where he sleeps side by side with his father and mother. There he has "rest from his labours," but it may be truly said that "his works do follow him," for they are to be found in the columns of that great newspaper which it was his pride and good fortune to have raised to unexampled excellence.